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LYCEUM EDITION

THE CHRISTIAN PLAY

. . .

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HALL CAINE

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THE CHRISTIAN

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THE CHRISTIAN

A DRAMA

In Four Acts

By HALL CAINE

SPECIAL NOTE.—Certain passages and speeches printed in this play and written by Mr. Hall Caine have been omitted from the stage representation.

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THE CHRISTIAN

A DRAMA

In Four Acts

By HALL CAINE

LONDON: COLLIER AND CO.

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THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

LORD STORM
THE HON. JOHN STORM
FATHER LAMPLUGH
ARCHDEACON WEALTHY
PARSON QUAYLE
PAUL LOVE
HORATIO DRAKE
LORD ROBERT URE
ROSENBERG
BUCKLEY
BERTIE
COWLEY

GLORY QUAYLE
POLLY LOVE
MRS. CALLENDER
BETTY BELMONT
LETTY BELMONT
ROSA RAY
LIZA
MOTHER KENT
LITTLE JENNY
BLACK MEG

SCENE—*Chiefly London* TIME—*The Present*

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This new version of THE CHRISTIAN *was produced on Saturday, August 31st 1907 at the Lyceum Theatre, London, by Messrs. Henry R. Smith and Ernest Carpenter, according to arrangement with Mr. Wentworth Croke, the principal parts being played by Mr. Matthieson Lang, Mr. Frederick Ross and Miss Alice Crawford.*

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

One of the reasons for which I wrote this play over again was that I wished to avail myself of an opportunity of speaking in a popular way to a popular audience on the problem of the fallen woman. That problem has occupied my mind and touched my sympathies since the days of my early manhood. I have studied it in London, New York, Paris and Rome, and I think I know it in most of its many aspects. I know where the fallen woman comes from, what makes her what she is, what keeps her in her present condition and what hope there is of her redemption. I know the means that are employed for her rescue, the institutions established for her relief, the good women, like Sister Mildred, who spend their lives in helping her, and the attitude adopted towards her class and her calling by law, religion and society. Into this new version of an old play, I have put the results of the reflection and observation of twenty-five years, and

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in writing it I have tried to state a case, to make a suggestion, and to present a picture.

But the fallen woman is only the necessary background to my play, and the foreground is occupied by a problem of far wider and more general interest—that of the physical relation of woman to man. This is perhaps the gravest problem that is on the forehead of the time to come. If the woman movement of the moment means no more than the claim of one half of humanity to participate in affairs of life which have hitherto been controlled by the other half, it is merely a development of the efforts towards emancipation which, during the past hundred years, have given woman a recognised legal status in nearly all that concerns her property, her debts and her material welfare. But it is a revolutionary movement indeed if it claims for woman that in her sexual and spiritual relations also she shall be placed in a condition of equality with man that has never been granted to her in any country since the beginning of the world.

That in all things which concern these sexual and spiritual relations woman is practically in the same position now as she was in the days of Moses, that she is just as much as ever man's human chattel, that neither religion nor civilisation has done anything to establish her vital indepen-

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dence, that nature itself (if not the Author of nature) puts her into a condition of subjection—this is the thesis I have attempted to present in my play. But I have failed in the purpose for which I have written it, if I have not shown the pity and the cruelty of the order of things wherein it is always the woman who has to pay, as well as the pagan injustice of the accepted idea that her suffering and degradation are inevitable to the social system and even necessary to the scheme of creation. I do not find that idea in the teaching of either of the two thrilling incidents in which the founder of our faith dealt with "the woman who was a sinner" and the men who had shamed and would have stoned her.

In attempting to depict some of the ways in which man is the chief cause of the degradation of woman I have not hesitated to speak of men as I see them, whether the persons concerned wear black cloth or the motley of the members of one branch of my own profession. And in offering my play by choice to an audience of the people I plead for a better attitude of mind towards woman in her spiritual as well as her legal relations. Better than any legislation intended to establish the civil status of woman, and better than any institutions designed to rescue and redeem her when she has become a victim to her own weakness or a prey to

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the sin of man, would be the successful promulgation of the obvious truth that she is a separate being, with sexual rights (as well as responsibilities) upon which no man ought to be allowed to trespass without utter dishonour and everlasting disgrace.

The most acute, though not necessarily the most tragic part of the problem of woman's relation to man is that which concerns her condition as a fallen creature, and in presenting a picture of a new kind of effort to rescue her (by going one better than the devil), I have christened my imaginary institution "The Queen's Home" without asking permission of our own gracious Queen, and without intending to involve her in particular in any responsibility for the theory upon which it is supposed to be founded, but merely in order to accentuate my own opinion that the work of reclaiming the victims of the social system is above all else woman's work, and that the way to the highest expression of that thought is to put the name of the first lady in the land at the head of it.

H. C.

Isle of Man, August 1907.

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PREFACE TO THIS EDITION

Once more The Christian *(first on its publication as a novel and now on its production as a play) has met with the most violent opposition. That is not to be wondered at, for equally in narrative and in dramatic form the work is intended to rebel against the accepted order in morality and religion. Only a fool could throw a bomb into the social system and be surprised at the explosion. And only a weakling could wonder that among the effects produced by his deliberate act would be a certain injury to himself as well.*

That I have suffered for The Christian, *perhaps justly, certainly severely, it would be folly and affectation to deny, but I am at least entitled to say that in the storm of controversy which has followed on the production of the play some bad weapons have been used against me, and I have more than once been hit below the belt. I count the personal equation, however, as nothing against the*

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wilful misrepresentation of the motive of my work, for that involves injury to the principles of conduct I have attempted to support.

It is the oldest, the basest and I think the most transparent trick in controversy, to set up something your adversary did not say and then proceed to demolish it. That is the trick which has been played upon me in more than one quarter. Regardless of the clear fact that the object of a dramatist can only be learned from the general trend of his scenes, isolated passages have been quoted in order that they might be condemned. As a consequence a totally false impression of my intention has been conveyed, and people who thought they were hitting at me have been merely bashing their knuckles at my shadow on the wall.

That the public may know what it is that the play of The Christian *really does say; that good women who are trying to earn their living in various walks of life may see that I am fighting for them, not against them, and that unscrupulous men in positions of power and responsibility may be made aware that their accusations of falsehood do not frighten and will not silence me, I have reluctantly consented to the publication of the drama on condition that it shall be sold at the lowest price at which it can be produced.*

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I say reluctantly because I am only too conscious that the text of a modern drama must necessarily convey an inadequate impression of the acting play. The need to be brief and businesslike is apt to make the printed page look bald; the stage directions are likely to break the continuity of the story; and the inevitable absence of atmosphere is almost certain to leave the narrative arid and stark. A play is only a play when it is acted. Before that it is no more than the book of the words. The author is one of many collaborators in the creation of a work to which the ingenuity and imagination of the stage producer, the voice and heart of the actor have all contributed their share.

Therefore in publishing The Christian *I know full well that I am offering the public merely the dry bones of the drama at the Lyceum Theatre into which the beautiful art of Mr. Ernest Carpenter, Mr. Matheson Lang, Mr. Frederick Ross, Miss Alice Crawford and of all my other colleagues behind the curtain, has breathed the breath by which it lives.*

H. C.

September 1907.

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THE CHRISTIAN

THE FIRST ACT

THE TERRACE OF LORD STORM'S HOUSE *in the Isle of Man. Entrances right and left at back. Steps centre up from lawn and down to the sea brow. A strip of water and Peel Castle beyond. Two or three lawn chairs, seats, etc., right and left, with cushions. One small table. Bright sunshine—warm day—middle of afternoon.*

When the curtain rises, LORD STORM, *an elderly gentleman is awakened from his afternoon nap on garden seat at left. A footman,* COWLEY, *enters from terrace at left, carrying salver with letters, newspapers, ivory paper-knife, etc.*

COWLEY.

[*Laying letters, etc., on table.*] The English mail, my lord.

LORD STORM.

[*Slitting open envelopes, etc.*] Good! Where's my secretary?

COWLEY.

In his room, my lord.

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LORD STORM.

Tell him to bring his book and come down immediately.

COWLEY.

I will, my lord. [*Going, returning.*] Does your lordship take tea on the lawn to-day?

LORD STORM.

Yes! No! Where is the Archdeacon?

COWLEY.

In the library, my lord.

LORD STORM

Reading?

COWLEY.

Sleeping on the couch, my lord.

LORD STORM.

And my son?

COWLEY.

In the study, my lord.

LORD STORM

Also sleeping?

COWLEY.

Writing all the afternoon, my lord.

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LORD STORM.

Serve tea in the library as soon as the Archdeacon has finished his forty winks.

COWLEY.

[*Going.*] Very good, my lord.

LORD STORM.

Cowley!

COWLEY.

Yes, my lord.

LORD STORM.

There will be two or three friends from the town—better wait till they come perhaps.

COWLEY.

I will, my lord.

[*Exit* FOOTMAN *by terrace left.* LORD STORM *having slit open the envelopes reads letters one by one.*

LORD STORM.

[*Reading first letter.*] "My lord, knowing you have a good and tender heart . . ." Have I? [*Throws letter down, takes up another.*] "Being in urgent need of a little money as a loan on mortgage, I take the great liberty . . ." Do you? [*Throws down second letter, takes up a third.*] "As treasurer of the committee for the annual regatta, I am requested . . ." Are you? [*Throws down third letter, takes up a large*

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envelope.] Ah! [*Reads eagerly, nodding his head and saying,* "*Good! Very good!*" *Meantime* PAUL, *the secretary, enters silently left of terrace, note-book in hand, takes seat by table, opens book and prepares to write.* LORD STORM, *as if unconscious of* PAUL'S *presence, reads his letter aloud.*] "Your request, my dear Richard, comes at the very nick of time. By the accident of young Charles Marlowe's promotion one of my own private secretaryships unexpectedly becomes vacant, and it gives me the utmost pleasure to offer the appointment to my nephew, your son. Let him, therefore, come up to London immediately, and you may rely upon me to lose no proper opportunity to advance his interests in the career of public life which you wish him to pursue."

[LORD STORM, *visibly excited, rises with letter in hand and moves to and fro as he dictates reply.*]

"To the Earl of ——, Downing Street, London."

PAUL.

[*Writing shorthand.*] Yes?

LORD STORM.

"My dear brother, I lose not a moment in sending you my warmest thanks for the prompt and brotherly response which you have made to my request." Got that?

PAUL.

Yes, my lord.

LORD STORM.

"John shall leave for London without delay, and I

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shall be none the less anxious to despatch him to Downing Street because this house is at present full of an atmosphere which in its effect on a young man of my son's too fervent temperament may prove to be disturbing to my hopes and plans."

PAUL.

Yes?

LORD STORM.

"That worthy but rather unctuous ecclesiastic, our college chum, Archdeacon Wealthy, is here for a few days on his leisurely way to some sort of pastoral visitations to certain comfortable castles in Scotland; and that drawing-room Savonarola, Father Bertram Lamplugh . . ."

PAUL.

[*Writing.*] ". . . drawing-room Savonarola, Father Bertram Lamplugh . . ."

LORD STORM.

". . . who has lately been assailing with such merciless severity the darling sins of Society, is holding a mission in the island . . ."

PAUL.

Yes?

LORD STORM.

"While the notorious Mrs. Ormerod Callender, philanthropist, sociologist, upholder of the rights of woman and censor of the morals of men and music-halls, is taking her holiday in the town."

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PAUL.

Yes?

LORD STORM.

"But besides all this, I have my own reasons to fear that your nephew, who is only too obviously of an impressionable nature, has lived long enough in this little backwater since his return from Oxford, and that further residence here may possibly lead to relations and responsibilities which would be a life-long disadvantage, or at least difficult to shake off."

PAUL.

". . . difficult to shake off."

LORD STORM.

That will do. Type it, bring it back to me to sign, and post it by the night mail.

PAUL.

Yes, my lord.

LORD STORM.

[*Giving letter.*] Take this to my son in the study and tell him it's time he came out for a breath of air.

PAUL.

Yes, my lord.

[FOOTMAN, *followed by an old Clergyman, is seen coming from the terrace left.*

LORD STORM.

[*Gathering up other letters.*] Say "No" to this—

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and this—and this. Look at the rest yourself and answer them as you please.

PAUL.

Yes, my lord.

FOOTMAN.

The vicar, my lord.

[*Exit* FOOTMAN.

LORD STORM.

Ah, how is Parson Quayle?

PARSON QUAYLE.

[*Sitting.*] As well as an old man can expect to be, Lord Storm.

LORD STORM.

And your people at home, parson?

PARSON QUAYLE.

My daughters are well, too, but growing elderly themselves, God help them!

LORD STORM.

Your grand-daughter is young enough and bright enough anyway.

PARSON QUAYLE.

Glory? Yes, all girlish blood and beauty. I tell my daughters there are three motes and a sunbeam in our old house. Glory is the sunbeam, bless her!

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LORD STORM.

Quite grown up, they tell me.

PARSON QUAYLE.

Changed certainly since the days when she and your son, John, used to plunge about in the bay like two young porpoises in the Spring sunshine.

[PAUL, *who has gathered up letters, is going out left.*

LORD STORM.

Just as much a mermaid as ever, they say.

PARSON QUAYLE.

Just! Out on the sea all day long, with the sister of your young secretary and their two friends from England.

LORD STORM.

Who are the friends from England?

PARSON QUAYLE.

One of them is Horatio Drake, son of the Member of Parliament of the same name. He was at school on the island ten or fifteen years ago, and since then he has lived in Egypt, where he has made a great fortune in that land that is more magical, it seems, than the country of the Arabian Nights.

LORD STORM.

And the other?

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PARSON QUAYLE.

Lord Robert Ure, the younger brother of the Duke—or is it the Marquis?—of something.

LORD STORM.

What are these young men doing here?

PARSON QUAYLE.

Making holiday on our breezy Manx shores merely. The girls met them at the Bazaar we held in the Castle grounds on behalf of the new church organ.

LORD STORM.

Vicar, I should not advise you to encourage this acquaintance.

PARSON QUAYLE.

No?

LORD STORM.

I should be sorry to see a child of mine associate with the brother of the Duke of ——.

PARSON QUAYLE.

Is that so?

LORD STORM.

A gamester, a promoter of doubtful companies, a hanger-on to the soiled and tattered fringe of the theatre and the music-hall—he is precisely the kind of person who enables half-informed people to condemn

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the whole strata of Society by exposing such specimens of the top layer.

PARSON QUAYLE.

Really! But the other one—I am bound to say the other one——

LORD STORM.

I know nothing about the other one, but since he is a friend of Lord Robert Ure, I should conclude that he is a member of a class no less dangerous and pernicious—the class that seems to think that baptism by money releases its members from the restrictions of the ten commandments.

PARSON QUAYLE.

Well, I am bound to say that what you tell me of these gentlemen agrees with my own impressions, and that their influence on Glory has not been for good. Day and night now she pleads for permission to go to London.

LORD STORM.

With these men?

PARSON QUAYLE.

God forbid! But to earn her living there, aided by their influence and advice.

LORD STORM.

How? In what way, at what calling?

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PARSON QUAYLE.

Oddly enough, in the theatre or the music-hall.

LORD STORM.

And are you going to permit her?

PARSON QUAYLE.

I have no prejudices against the theatre, but it is not the career I had marked out for her. I had hoped she would become a nurse, and take the place of Town Nurse in our Cottage Hospital—for as long as I lived at all events.

LORD STORM.

And why shouldn't she?

PARSON QUAYLE.

A child is a separate being, Lord Storm. We old people are apt to think that because our children live under the same roof with us they ought to be subject to the same laws; but they are often farther away from us than if they were people at the other end of the world—twenty years, forty years, fifty years away, breathing another air, belonging to another age. It is the law of the generations—we cannot impose our will on theirs.

LORD STORM.

And you are actually going to allow this young girl to go dead against your hopes and expectations?

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PARSON QUAYLE.

What can I do? The theatre is in her blood. Her mother was an actress when my poor son married her, and ever since she died—they both died—and the child came to live in our old home, I have felt as if she were a sea-bird imprisoned in a cage and must break the bars some day.

LORD STORM.

Vicar, I think your principles are weak and wrong and mischievous. I think our children should be subject to our will, for the sufficient reason that our knowledge is larger and our experience longer. Listen! Thirty years ago I came to live on this island because my health broke down and my life was in danger. As a consequence my career came to an end, and while I have been chained down to this rock in the Irish Sea I have seen my contemporaries one by one take high places in the world and my brother become Prime Minister of England. It has been a bitter draught, but there has always been one drop of sweetness at the bottom of the cup. Disappointed in the hopes and aspirations of my own life, my expectations have centred in my son.

PARSON QUAYLE.

In John?

LORD STORM.

John. To-morrow he is to go up to London to take the place of private secretary to his uncle in Downing Street. That is the first rung of the ladder

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which may lead him to a seat in Parliament, perhaps to a place in the Government, and in due time to a position of power in the political life of the nation. Such is the course I have been mapping out for him through many years, knowing it to be the best for both of us, and if my son—my only son—were to come to me now, as your grand-daughter has come to you, and were to say, "Father, I can't do this, I wish to do something else," what do you think I should say to him? I should say, "Do as I tell you, or understand—understand—you are never to expect help or recognition from me under any circumstances whatever—never!"

[JOHN STORM *enters by the terrace, left, with the letter in his hand.*

PARSON QUAYLE.

Ah, my dear John!

JOHN STORM.

Vicar!

PARSON QUAYLE.

You are leaving for London immediately?

JOHN STORM.

So it seems.

PARSON QUAYLE.

Glory will be going up before long, I fear.

JOHN STORM.

[*Eagerly.*] Glory going to London?

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PARSON QUAYLE.

You may see her there, perhaps.

JOHN STORM.

[*With a look of joy.*] I wonder!

PARSON QUAYLE.

And if, in that big bewildering Babylon, you can give an eye to the girl——

LORD STORM.

Better not think of it, my boy. If you are to do your work you'll have no time to think of anything else.

[*Enter* FATHER LAMPLUGH *and* MRS. CALLENDER *by terrace, right.*]

Ah, Father Lamplugh! Mrs. Callender, you remember my son?

[LORD STORM *and* FATHER LAMPLUGH *shake hands and sit on left.*

MRS. CALLENDER.

[*Coming down right and taking* JOHN *by both hands.*] Goodness me! Is this the laddie who used to call me "Auntie" when I was here fifteen years ago? [JOHN *kisses her hand.*] Tut, tut! Has a body never a face that you must be kissing at her hand?

JOHN.

[*Kissing her.*] Auntie!

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MRS. CALLENDER.

That's nice now; and mind ye, my lad, Jane Callender is to be your Auntie still until some other body tak's ye from her; and then it'll no be *her* hand ye'll be kissing for fear of her wrinkles, I'm thinking.

PARSON QUAYLE.

Take a seat, Mrs. Callender.

MRS. CALLENDER.

[*Sitting.*] And how's the wee lassie in the stocking cap and the guernsey?

PARSON QUAYLE.

A woman now, Mrs. Callender, and just going away to London to earn her own living.

MRS. CALLENDER.

Well, well!

PARSON QUAYLE.

John is going off too, but when the young people part to-morrow they part perhaps for ever.

MRS. CALLENDER.

Well, that's the way of the world, ye see.

PARSON QUAYLE.

If our children could only remain children! Bu

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they grow up in a day and a night seemingly, and then life and fate divide them.

[*Enter* ARCHDEACON, *bare-headed, by terrace left.*

LORD STORM.

Come and sit down, Archdeacon.

ARCHDEACON.

[*Bowing right and left.*] My dear Father Lamplugh! And Mrs. Callender!

LORD STORM.

Had another afternoon nap, Archdeacon?

ARCHDEACON.

[*Sitting.*] My custom always of an afternoon! People tell me I lose two hours in the twenty-four, one month in the year, one year in twelve; but how can I help it? Ah, if I had the fiery energy of some of our friends, dear Storm! Wonderful people! Wonderful! Here's Mrs. Callender, for instance. When she's not brewing the thunder for our dear Bishop of London to hurl at some indelicacy in the music-halls, she is getting up monster processions to the Houses of Parliament, parading the street, struggling with placards and petitions——

MRS. CALLENDER.

And policemen! [*Laugh.*]

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ARCHDEACON.

Then here is Father Lamplugh, pounding away from the pulpit at the sins of Society. . . . By the way, dear Father, when do you begin your new course, your new season, so to say?

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

Never!

ARCHDEACON.

Finished?

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

Quite finished.

ARCHDEACON.

But what a pity! Such an excellent way of gathering a congregation, and so good for the pew rents and the offertory!

PARSON QUAYLE.

We heard of it even here, Father Lamplugh. Crowded churches, hundreds turned away!

ARCHDEACON.

On Sunday, too! Sunday, as friend *Punch* reminds us, is becoming such a difficult day for Society people. So much to do. Receptions, concerts, calls, and then the usual week-ending. Indeed, I've known my fashionable friends to say that if the dear Father's discourses could have been delivered on some other day of the week, Tuesday, for instance, they would simply have rolled up in their thousands.

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PARSON QUAYLE.

They did come, though?

ARCHDEACON.

Come? It was wonderful! Ladies in dainty frocks and frills struggling into the church to hear their dearest peccadilloes torn to pieces.

PARSON QUAYLE.

But didn't they take offence?

ARCHDEACON.

On the contrary, they liked it. It is always so interesting to see ourselves as others see us—any others—even if it is only our valet and second footman.

LORD STORM.

All the same, if Father Lamplugh will forgive me, I doubt the good effect of sermons preached to fashionable sinners on fashionable sins.

ARCHDEACON.

There you touch the root of the matter, dear Storm, and I sometimes wonder if sensational assaults on Society are so proper to the solemn passages of the pulpit as to encore verses in our dear Mrs. Callender's beloved music-halls.

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LORD STORM.

Society has always had its frivolous, its irreligious and even its vicious side, but to say it is worse now——

ARCHDEACON.

Society, dear Storm, may grow sluggish and need shaking up from time to time, and perhaps an occasional dose of gruel or say glouber salts——

MRS. CALLENDER.

Or blue pill! [*Laugh.*]

ARCHDEACON.

But having frequented Society in all its favourite haunts, I must say—I must candidly say, dear Father—that I have never seen the chamber of horrors, the cage of wild beasts, which you have been exhibiting to the public view.

MRS. CALLENDER.

There *are* people like that, Archdeacon. I once knew a man who walked through Trafalgar Square without seeing the lions at the foot of the monument—he was blind, poor body! [*Laugh.*]

ARCHDEACON.

Better be blind than uncharitable, dear Mrs Callender. In a clergyman it is so much more benevolent, so much more brotherly——

MRS. CALLENDER.

And so much more profitable. [*Laugh.*]

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FATHER LAMPLUGH.

The Archdeacon is right. It is easier and less excellent to pull down than to build up, and if ever I preach to the rich again, it will be to point out their duty to the poor.

ARCHDEACON.

Ah! "The poor ye have always with you!" What a beautiful text that is? Mark—always! What a lesson to the people who think it is possible to abolish poverty altogether. I trust you are not one of them?

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

I am, Archdeacon. I think one of the worst forms of poverty would come to an end in six months, if the Christian communities did their duty.

ARCHDEACON.

What form of poverty do you refer to, dear Father?

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

Not the form that clutters our steps in rags and sleeps in Salvation shelters, but that which is clad in silks and eats in fashionable supper-rooms.

ARCHDEACON.

Ah! You mean the outcasts who make the nightly horror of Piccadilly?

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

I mean the poor women of the underworld, who before the eyes of the police and in the blaze of the

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electric lights, crowd the crush rooms of public halls, and are exposed for sale night after night under the very shadow of your church, Archdeacon.

LORD STORM.

But why speak of these as the poor, when their vanity, their idleness, and their sensuality ——

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

Because poverty is at the bottom of all their vices, Lord Storm. Where do they come from? From the house of the workman with the wolf always at the door; from the home of the poor tradesman, the poor doctor or the poor clergyman, which the daughter has to leave in order to earn her own living; from the sweating-dens of fashionable tailors and milliners of West London, where in defiance of the law, girls are overworked and ill-paid, and sent home through dark streets at late hours at night; from the great shops of chartered libertines, where labour is cheapened by the profits of week-end prostitution. That's where they come from, Lord Storm, and not vanity or idleness or sensuality, but poverty, poverty, poverty is at the root of everything.

JOHN STORM.

[*With emotion, as if speaking to himself.*]

"Oh God, to think that bread's so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap."

[MRS. CALLENDER *lays her hand on* JOHN'S.

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

I tell you, the condition of these women and girls is the cruellest and most cowardly thing on God's earth.

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They give the best years of their lives—the years of their youth and beauty, to be the first wives of the well-to-do, and after that, what are they? Outcasts, Ishmaels, at war with the world, and with the world at war with them. You find shelters for the tramps of the East End—what do you do for the tramps of the West?

ARCHDEACON.

But, my dear Father Lamplugh, there are always Homes, always Refuges——

MRS. CALLENDER.

Washtubs!

ARCHDEACON.

Then there is the workhouse and the casual ward.

MRS. CALLENDER.

The spike!

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

No, there is nowhere for these children of the night when the houses of sin are shut to them. Society does nothing for them but harry them and chivey them and drive them on.

LORD STORM.

But surely Parliament—if this is a real social problem—surely Parliament is capable of dealing with it.

MRS. CALLENDER.

Parliament! My goodness! Of all the dunces for dealing with social problems Parliament would be bad to beat. There isn't a pin to choose between the

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parties either. Parliament indeed! Put Parliament on the scrap-heap, I say.

LORD STORM.

Then what would you do, Father Lamplugh?

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

I should tell Society that if these People of the Abyss are necessities of the social system Society must recognise them; if they are the victims of Society, Society must save them.

JOHN STORM.

[*Eagerly as if to himself.*] Ah!

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

I should ask the rich men for their millions that I might build or buy or lease or rent the largest and finest mansion that would do for a Home and Refuge.

JOHN STORM.

[*More eagerly.*] Ah!

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

I should place it in the middle of West London, in the centre of gravity of the kingdom I wish to reform, and face to face with the soul markets I expect to destroy. If these places are gorgeous my home should be golden. If they blaze with electric light and draw moths to their flare by music and singing and dancing, so should mine. There should be only one difference between these houses and my house—they should be the devil's and mine should be God's.

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JOHN STORM.

[*Still more eagerly.*] Ah!

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

As this would be a woman's movement, I should have women at the heart of it. I should ask the Queen to give it her name and good women of the upper world to follow her lead. More than that. I should call the women of fashion and frivolity from the card-tables and race-courses and restaurants to take their turns in the Refuge that would be open night and day.

LORD STORM.

And having so started your social crusade, with the rich men's millions and a committee of ladies, but no help from Parliament, you would put yourself at the head of it?

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

No, I am too old, too tired, too weak and too sinful. The man I want at the head of that crusade must be a young man without a stain on his scutcheon. Well-born, well-taught, well-nurtured, with the heart of a lion and the soul of a god. A nobleman if possible, that no lady of rank may be unwilling to serve under his banner; a gentleman that no poor girl may be afraid to come to him in her trouble; a man, that no bully may browbeat him without dread of being kicked into the street; a martyr, perhaps, that no failure may frighten him, no ingratitude dishearten, and no temptation gainsay.

JOHN STORM.

[*Visibly moved.*] Ah! Ah!

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LORD STORM.

A dream, dear Father Lamplugh! An idle, perhaps, a mischievous dream! Even if you could induce the Queen to give her name to a Home for the rescue of fallen girls, and women of good family to associate with them, where is the man who is going to stand in front of such a Quixotic crusade? The public would laugh at him, your churches would leave him alone, and the very people he wasted his life for would turn on him and rend him. A nobleman! Where is the son of a noble house who is ready to forego his rightful heritage, the honours and rewards of his birth and profession, that he may herd in obscurity with sinners and sin?

MRS. CALLENDER.

[*Also visibly agitated.*] Where? The son of a noble house who——[*Turning quickly to* JOHN.] Here, what do you say, laddie?

JOHN STORM.

[*Rising excitedly.*] I say, Mrs. Callender, that there was one such person once—a Son of the House of David! And if it is proper to speak in the same breath of smaller things, I will say, too, that if Father Lamplugh's dream is possible, it is better worth while to spend one's life in saving these poor women and girls, these poor sisters of sorrow, than to win all the honours and rewards of the proudest profession in the world.

MRS. CALLENDER.

God bless ye, my lad! That's speaking like a man.

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[*The gong sounds within. The* FOOTMAN *comes on to the terrace and announces tea. Company move up steps, talking with animation.* PAUL *comes down to table with letter.* LORD STORM *signs it, and then turns to* JOHN, *who stands in the same place.*

LORD STORM.

[*To* JOHN.] I've written to your uncle, saying you will go up to Downing Street immediately. Let it be to-morrow—Cowley can get you ready. . . . And take my advice, leave Society alone; let social problems stew in their own juice. It will be best, I promise you.

[LORD STORM *goes up and out.* PAUL, *having sealed envelope, goes up steps and looks out to sea. There is a sound of singing on the water.* GLORY'S *voice singing "The Manx Wedding," with chorus of other voices.*

JOHN STORM.

Paul, what's that?

PAUL.

Glory's boat coming out of the harbour, sir.

JOHN STORM.

Who are with her?

PAUL.

My sister Polly.

JOHN STORM.

Anybody else?

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PAUL.

Mr. Drake and Lord Robert Ure.

[*The singing comes nearer.* PAUL *returns to* JOHN.

Here they are, sir. May I say something?

JOHN STORM.

Well, my lad?

PAUL.

Was Peel the only place for these gentlemen to spend their holidays?

JOHN STORM.

You are thinking of Mr. Drake and Glory?

PAUL.

No, of Polly and Lord Robert Ure. I mistrust the man. He has persuaded her that she ought to leave Peel and look for a situation in London.

JOHN STORM.

Is she likely to go?

PAUL.

She is sure to go.

JOHN STORM.

[*Nodding his head, with a far-off look.*] What do you wish to do?

PAUL.

What would you do if it were your own case, and something near and dear to you were in peril in that cruel city?

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JOHN STORM.

[*With determination.*] I should follow her there—I should watch over her—if she were in difficulty and danger——

PAUL.

That's what I wish to do, sir. You are going away to-morrow. Let me go with you. I don't ask wages—only let me go. . . .

JOHN STORM.

You shall!

PAUL.

God bless you, sir.

[*They shake hands.* PAUL *goes out right.* STORM *stands on left. Singing swells up. Then there is a babel of happy young voices coming from below. Girls and young men all talking together—"Give it to Glory." "Glory's got it." "Bravo Glory!" Enter by steps at back the company from the boat.* DRAKE *in white flannels, etc. Then* GLORY QUAYLE, *in guernsey and stocking-cap. Then* POLLY LOVE, *and finally* LORD ROBERT URE. GLORY *is carrying a sea-bird, with a string and trap suspended to its leg. Seeing* JOHN STORM, *she comes running down.*

GLORY.

Ah, here you are! We've come to fetch you. Look! We found him on the rocks at the foot of the Castle. Somebody had been trying to catch him,

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but he had broken the string and carried the trap away with him.

JOHN STORM.

Is it a cormorant?

GLORY.

It's a parson gull.

OTHERS.

A *parson* gull?

GLORY.

See his black coat?

DRAKE.

But what about his white breeches?

GLORY.

Oh, that's his surplice.

[*Diving into her pocket for biscuit.*

LORD ROBERT.

Well, Glory has given the churchman his "title," don't you know.

DRAKE.

What are you doing now, Glory?

GLORY.

[*Who is offering biscuit to gull.*] Giving him his "living," don't you know. [*Laugh.*] Mr. Storm, will you cut away the trap for me?

JOHN STORM.

[*Taking out knife, etc.*] With pleasure.

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POLLY.

But what are you going to do, Glory? If you don't want him, give him to me and I'll take him home.

GLORY.

Never! To think of this wild creature that used to scream to the wind and ride on the billows being penned up in a cage and fed on a piece of lump sugar!

DRAKE.

Bravo, Glory!

GLORY.

[*Running up steps.*] Good-bye, little birdie, I'm going to give you your liberty. The cruel trap is gone and you are tied down to the stupid old rocks no longer. Away to the broad, broad sea, and the big, big waves, and the free, free ocean—away!

[*She flings the bird out over the water and it disappears. She stands a moment watching it and wiping her eyes.*

POLLY.

Crying? This Glory is the funniest girl.

LORD ROBERT.

Isn't she? [*To* GLORY.] But, do you know, my dear, you've not yet introduced me to your friend?

GLORY.

Haven't I, Lord Robert? Come here, Mr. Drake. My friend, Mr. Storm. [*Acting.*] The two Miss

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Lilies . . . and Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

[ALL *laugh and sit, except* GLORY, *who stands centre.*

POLLY.

It's the stage you ought to go on, Glory.

LORD ROBERT.

She will, too, sooner or later, depend upon that.

DRAKE.

Why shouldn't she? If life comes to a girl with both arms open, why should she turn her back on it? Obey your own heart, I say, be true to your talents and let everything else go hang.

GLORY.

Only fancy! Glory a public person, and all the world and his wife going down on their knees to her! How the old island would be shocked! [*Acting.*] "Gough bless me! The theaytre, ye say! The gates of hell and the mouth of Satan! And herself the grand-daughter of a Pazon, too!" [ALL *laugh.*] It's terrible to think of being an actress, isn't it, Mr. Storm?

JOHN STORM.

That depends upon circumstances, Glory.

POLLY.

But when Glory and I go up to town and she becomes an actress, whatever am I to be?

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LORD ROBERT.

[*With a certain freedom.*] You, my dear Polly, are to be what nature meant you to be—one of those nice little nobodies who cannot possibly be anything sweeter than herself.

POLLY.

[*Pouting, tapping him playfully, etc.*] Nonsense!

LORD ROBERT.

Isn't that better than staying in this sleepy place and throwing yourself away on some country bumpkin?

DRAKE.

[*Warningly.*] Robert!

LORD ROBERT.

Seriously, though, and Polly apart, the way pretty little women are wasted in the country is pitiful.

JOHN STORM.

Do you call it being wasted, sir, when a good girl is married to an honest man?

LORD ROBERT.

I do—because a girl like that in the country can never marry the right one. It's like this. She's young, she's pretty, has manners and taste and some refinement. The man of her own class is clumsy and ignorant and stupid and poor. She doesn't want him, and the man she does want belongs to another class, and daren't marry her—it would be social suicide.

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JOHN STORM.

So, to save the man above from social suicide the girl beneath must choose moral death—is that it?

LORD ROBERT.

Did I say so, my dear sir? But look at it straight. Take the case of a girl like that. Two things are open to her—two only. Say she marries her country bumpkin, what follows? A thatched cottage, a cow-house, a crock, a dresser, a form, an armchair, and a clock with a dirty face hanging on a nail in the wall. Three shillings a day and a can of buttermilk. Year one, a baby, a boy; year two, another baby, a girl; year three, twins; year four, barefooted children, squalling all over the house; man grumbling; woman distracted; measles, hooping-cough, death, a journey at the tail of the cart to the country church, and the awful words, "I am the——"

DRAKE.

Hold your tongue, Robert.

JOHN STORM.

Well, that's one side of the picture, sir. What's the other?

LORD ROBERT.

Life! Love! Liberty! If the girl has gifts, like Glory, the world is at her feet.

JOHN STORM.

And if she hasn't?

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LORD ROBERT.

If she hasn't, but has good looks instead . . . well, in London——

[*Pausing and laughing awkwardly.*

JOHN STORM.

A short life and a merry one, eh?

LORD ROBERT.

Why not? Five years, four years, three years even, but meanwhile everything she wants, everything she can wish for——

JOHN STORM.

And then?

LORD ROBERT.

Every one for himself and God for us all, dear sir. She's as happy as the day while her youth and beauty last, lifts her head like a rosebud in the sun——

JOHN STORM.

Then drops it, I suppose, like a rose-leaf in the mud.

DRAKE.

[*Rising uneasily.*] Robert, you're a fool! But didn't we come out to do some fishing? [*To* STORM.] Glory thought you would like to come with us—will you?

JOHN STORM.

Not to-day, thank you.

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DRAKE.

We must be getting along, then, or we'll lose the tide, you know.

[LORD ROBERT *and* POLLY *go back to boat.* DRAKE *and* GLORY *are about to follow.*

JOHN STORM.

Glory!

GLORY.

[*To* DRAKE.] Get the lines ready—I'll be down presently.

[DRAKE *goes out. Chorus as before;* GLORY *on the steps until it stops.*

JOHN STORM.

So you are going up to London at last, Glory?

GLORY.

[*Coming down.*] Yes, dear old London! I've been sending my love to it for years, and now I'm going to skip off and do my wooing for myself.

JOHN STORM.

How your grandfather will miss you!

GLORY.

Don't! I've been trying not to think of it. Poor old grand-dad! But, after all, he has Aunt Rachel and Aunt Anna to take care of him. And then, why should a great idle, hulking girl like Glory add to his burdens and responsibilities?

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JOHN STORM.

Is that all you are thinking of, Glory?

GLORY.

N—no! To tell you the truth, I'm thinking of myself as well. I know it shouldn't be, but I can't help it. Ah, you are a man, and to be a man is to have all the world. But to be a woman—a poor gentlewoman—in a country place, too . . . Oh, I feel like that bird with the trap to its leg—and I want to be away—away! [*Goes up and looks off.*

JOHN STORM.

I know—I know.

GLORY.

There used to be a few people in this dead-alive land, but there won't be a dog left soon. [*Acting.*] We take no thought for the morrow, what we shall eat or what we shall put on; the days of our years are three score years and ten, and if . . . Oh, it's basely ungrateful of me to talk like this! [*Looking off.*] The dear little island, how beautiful it looks! And when you've been born in a place and going away from it . . . But how silly I am! Here I've been three years hoping and praying to get away, and now—— [*Dashes the tears from her eyes, sings some bars from "The Manx Wedding" and dances a step to the air.*

JOHN STORM.

It is a lovely spot, isn't it?

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GLORY.

Isn't it? And perhaps if we could bring back the days——

JOHN STORM.

[*Approaching her.*] When you and I were boy and girl, Glory?

GLORY.

When John Storm wore an Eton jacket.

JOHN STORM.

And Glory Quayle went about in a short frock.

GLORY.

You did everything I told you.

JOHN STORM.

Yes, *you* wore the jacket, I think.

GLORY.

Out in the boat, you know.

JOHN STORM.

Or running barefoot in the wind on the edge of the shore.

GLORY.

Or riding on the cart that was bringing home the new-mown hay.

JOHN STORM.

Yes, three decks up with the driver over the back of the old mare.

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GLORY.

I can hear the rooks cawing in the glen still.

JOHN STORM.

And I can see the starlings glittering in the sunshine.

GLORY.

And the birds singing, and the bees humming, and then you and I——

JOHN STORM.

[*Rapturously.*] Ah!

GLORY.

[*Opening her eyes, sadly.*] Ah! [*They look at each other; pause.*] What's the good of turning back the clock while the sun is so stubbornly keeping pace? There's a great barrier between us, John. You are a nobleman's son, and I am only a poor clergyman's grand-daughter. It didn't matter while we were children, but the old days are over now. You will be Lord Storm yourself some day, while I—I will be Glory Quayle.

JOHN STORM.

Thank God for that, Glory.

GLORY.

Miss Glory Quayle if I stay here all my days. With a dame-school somewhere when the old grandfather is gone. Or perhaps a cottage hospital, and the poor fishermen's wives to look to in their monthly nursing.

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. . . Can you wonder that when Mr. Drake came back and pictured another life, a broader and more beautiful life, and promised to give me his influence to secure it ——

JOHN STORM.

The life of the theatre will be no bed of roses, Glory.

GLORY.

I know—I know—yet sometimes a great stillness comes over me, and I see in the future—the dim, dim future—a woman who has gone through many trials, many sufferings, many troubles, but has come to her own in the end, because she has conquered the public and they love her. That woman in the dim future is myself, John; and then——

JOHN STORM.

What then?

GLORY.

[*Turning aside.*] Then the barrier between you and me seems to be gone.

JOHN STORM.

[*Following her up, with emotion.*] Glory, I have something to say to you. I am to go to London also. My father expects me to go to-morrow. According to the plans he has made for me I am to take up public life and to follow if I can—if I am fit for it—in the footsteps of my uncle. Wouldn't that separate us still further, Glory—put a gulf between us that could never afterwards be bridged?

[GLORY *nods her head slowly, waiting and listening intently.*]

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But what if I take up another life—a life that is nearer to the one you live in?

GLORY.

[*Depressed.*] You mean—the Church?

JOHN STORM.

Yes, the Church; not yet as a career, a channel to success, a path to preferment, but as a crusade.

GLORY.

A crusade?

JOHN STORM.

Listen! There is a movement afoot to start a great home in West London for the women and girls of what is called the under-world—the poor wanderers of the night for whom nothing has ever been done in earnest since the beginning of the world. What a scene! What a crusade! To help the outcast, to support the weak, to comfort the broken-hearted!

GLORY.

Well?

JOHN STORM.

What if I were to give up the career my father intends for me in order to join in a work liks that!

GLORY.

You would be farther away from me than ever then—much farther—you in your way of life and I in mine.

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JOHN STORM.

But if I am willing to give up my profession, can't you give up yours—that we may never be separated—that the barrier between us may be broken down? We are at the cross-roads, Glory—can't we go together? We shall be poor, we shall be unknown, but we shall be living the life—the real life—the only life—the life of warfare with the world's suffering and sin.

GLORY.

[*Sadly.*] It is a great and noble work, John——

JOHN STORM.

Isn't it? Isn't it better, a thousand times better, than *playing* at life, with all its fashions and frivolities?

GLORY.

Fallen women and girls, you say?

JOHN STORM.

And girls in danger of falling—in danger from their poverty and the unscrupulous men who are always waiting to take advantage of it.

GLORY.

We should be unknown—quite unknown?

JOHN STORM.

Yes, for we shall have to show the world that we are not thinking of ourselves in any single thing we do.

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GLORY.

Poor, too?

JOHN STORM.

As poor as your own dear grandfather.

GLORY.

I didn't think anybody would be poor who could help it.

JOHN STORM.

Glory!

GLORY.

After all, it's a kind of going into the Church, and as far back as I can remember the Church has never meant anything to me but poverty. Oh, if you only knew what it is to be a poor clergyman's granddaughter—so poor, so very poor! The counting, the planning. the scheming to make ends meet—and then the insults, the humiliations! Small gifts of money from the Clergy Society when you are sick and need a holiday; hampers of food from rich parishioners to eke out the larder at Easter, and bundles of clothes at Whitsuntide that—that the other girls have left off!

[*She covers her eyes with her hands.* STORM *looks blindly forward. She uncovers her eyes; they are wet with tears.*]

Oh, don't think me vain and selfish that I have been dreaming and dreaming of running away from it all some day, of doing something for myself to win praise and money, and even wealth perhaps, and now that the time seems to have come and you wish to draw me back again——

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[*She covers her face again. The singing comes from below, very softly. There is a pause.*

JOHN STORM.

I see how it is, Glory. It is the world coming in between us again. The world with its beauty and brightness. It calls to you, beckons you, tempts you. Yet I ask you to give it up—to give it up for me. Do I ask too much? Do I? I do.

[*She gives no sign. He picks up the bird-trap.*]

It was I who was like the bird, Glory. One remaining tie bound me to the old home. You have cut it away. [*Throws trap out into sea on right.*] It is gone.

[*Singing swells up.* DRAKE *comes to top of steps.*

DRAKE.

Ah, Glory! The lines are ready and the tide is at the top—aren't you coming along with us? Come!

[*He comes down and takes her hand. She allows him to lead her up, looking back at* JOHN STORM. *When they reach the steps there is a burst of laughter from the house and* LORD STORM *enters left down-stage, wearing hat and carrying walking-stick.*

LORD STORM.

[*To* JOHN.] We're going for a stroll along the cliff, John. You'll have enough to do at home if you are to go to Downing Street to-morrow.

[*He crosses right; the rest of party are seen coming by terrace from left.*

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JOHN STORM.

Father!

LORD STORM.

[*Returning right of him.*] Well, my boy?

JOHN STORM.

I don't want to go to Downing Street to-morrow.

LORD STORM.

Very well! Let it be the next day, or even the day after.

JOHN STORM.

Father, I don't want to go to Downing Street at all.

LORD STORM.

What do you say?

JOHN STORM.

I beg of you to allow me to choose another walk of life.

LORD STORM.

What other?

JOHN STORM.

The one Father Lamplugh spoke about.

LORD STORM.

[*Pause.*] You mean to tell me you prefer that Quixotic Crusade of poverty and obscurity to the emolument and distinction of the career I have chosen for you?

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JOHN STORM.

I must.

LORD STORM.

And what must I do?

JOHN STORM.

Let me live my own life, sir.

LORD STORM.

And what about mine? Ever since I brought you here five-and-twenty years ago, a child in arms, as I may say, your life and my life have been one life. I've had no thought that has not been for your welfare, no hope that has not been for your future, and must I now——

JOHN STORM.

I am sorry I have disappointed you, father.

LORD STORM.

[*Contemptuously.*] Disappointed! Disappointed! Oh, a father is nothing. He may sacrifice everything, he may build up hopes, and then—[*Looking back towards* GLORY]—to suit the aims and aspirations of somebody else——

JOHN STORM.

Don't say that, father.

LORD STORM.

To suit the schemes or the whims of a woman——

JOHN STORM.

Stop, father!

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LORD STORM.

I say a woman!

JOHN STORM.

Stop, I tell you!

LORD STORM.

A woman, I say a woman!

JOHN STORM.

Stop.

LORD STORM.

[*Losing himself, and striking* JOHN STORM *with his stick across the breast.*] Damn her and both of you!

[JOHN STORM *snatches the stick out of his father's hand and raises his knee as if to break it.*

GLORY.

[*Breathlessly.*] John!

[*A pause. All eyes on* JOHN STORM. *He turns, sees* GLORY, *then raises his hat with one hand and returns the stick with the other.*

JOHN STORM.

[*With emotion.*] Forgive me, father!

CURTAIN.

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THE SECOND ACT *

SALOON OF PHILHARMONIC THEATRE, LONDON. *Scene shows back of dress circle. Promenade full, with men in evening dress, and the women of the town in rich and gaudy costumes. Saloon itself has large opening up stage left, and small door down stage left. On right a long sofa, on which several women are seated. Ottoman also at right of centre. On left a small table with two chairs.*

When the curtain rises, the performance of a musical comedy is proceeding. Voices are heard singing from the stage behind, very low, so as not to drown dialogue on stage. At intervals applause from audience. At the table on left sits LORD ROBERT URE, *smoking cigarette, obviously very nervous, listening intently to what goes on in the theatre. A lady,* MRS. CALLENDER, *is seen moving about in the promenade, giving flowers to the women and speaking to them.*

---

* Author's Note.—Not fully appreciating for myself the moral difference between a theatre playing a musical comedy and a theatre playing musical sketches, I have cheerfully acceded to the wish of the management of the Lyceum Theatre that the opening scene of this Act should be omitted, as being more proper to another place of amusement.—H. C.

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A tall black-haired girl, known as BLACK MEG, *with a pet dog under her arm, comes down stage, drawing by the wrist a very young girl in short frock with her hair down.*

BLACK MEG.

Jenny, what are you doin' here?

JENNY.

Can't you see?

BLACK MEG.

When did you come up from the country? Does mother know?

JENNY.

Mother don't care. She's married again. There was trouble at home. Besides she thinks I'm dead.

BLACK MEG.

Where are you stayin'?

JENNY.

With Mother Kent in one of her houses.

BLACK MEG.

You little fool! Running away from a stepfather to a rotten old blighter like that.

JENNY.

[*With a faint cry.*] Lemme go! Yor 'urtin' me.

[*An elderly woman known as* MOTHER KENT, *all smiles, but with an evil face, comes down left of* JENNY.

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MOTHER KENT.

What's a-matter, dearie?

JENNY.

She's spoilin' me glove and 'urtin' me arm.

MOTHER KENT.

Gawd bless ye, dearie, you mustn't tike no notice of Black Meg. It's 'er love, pore dear. Run away, lovey. Look, your friend is waitin' for ye.

[JENNY *goes up. Oily old gentleman joins her. They go off by promenade.*]

You're a nice one, you are, Meg!

BLACK MEG.

Am I? and what are you, you soapy old sinner, you old Mother o' Pearl?

MOTHER KENT.

Your man ain't no class, or he'd lam yer 'ead off before 'e'd let ye give away the gime like this.

BLACK MEG.

D'ye think I'm afraid of 'im. Not me Curse the men, I say. I wouldn't 'arf like to chew up the lot o' them.

[*A man, known as* BERTIE, *in evening dress, with a vulgar face, comes down right of* MEG. *At sight of him she trembles visibly.* MOTHER KENT *chuckles and crosses to table left.*

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BERTIE.

What's up?

BLACK MEG.

[*Very meekly.*] Helloa, Bertie, is that you?

BERTIE.

Why did you run away? You stay here until I come back. And look cheerful and merry, d'ye hear?

BLACK MEG.

[*With a pathetic effort.*] Right you are, Bertie.

[BERTIE *goes up and out right.* BLACK MEG *sits on ottoman.* MRS. CALLENDER *comes down and sits left of her.*

MRS. CALLENDER.

Do you want a friend, Meg?

BLACK MEG.

I m all right, thank you. Don't bother about me.

MRS. CALLENDER.

What a nice little dog! Did you buy him in the Seven Dials?

BLACK MEG.

No, he was give to me. Dogs stick to you, dogs do.

MRS. CALLENDER.

[*Offering a white flower.*] Will you have a flower, Meg?

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BLACK MEG.

[*Taking it.*] This for me? A white one? [*Breaking down.*] Look here, sister, lea' me alown and git 'old o' little Jenny. She ain't a bad lot—no worse than I was when I started.

MRS. CALLENDER.

Give me your bag, Meg.

[*She takes and opens the bag that hangs on* MEG'S *arm, and drops a card into it. While she does so,* MOTHER KENT *sits at table and touches* LORD ROBERT'S *arm.*

LORD ROBERT.

What's up, Mother?

MOTHER KENT.

See there? That woman's 'ere again, sir.

LORD ROBERT.

[*Rising and going up.*] Attendant!

[ATTENDANT *salutes him. He whispers and points over his shoulder towards* MRS. CALLENDER; *then stands in promenade looking towards stage.*

MRS. CALLENDER.

[*Closing purse.*] That's my address, Meg, and if you'd like to come to tea with me——

BLACK MEG.

Not much. Get 'old o' Jenny, I tell ye. It's too late for the likes o' me.

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[BERTIE *comes back with a callow youth, very fair hair, eyeglass, bouquet of flowers;* BLACK MEG *takes the arm he offers her, and they go up and off. Music louder at back. Girls go up stage to promenade.* ATTENDANT, *who has come down, touches* MRS. CALLENDER *on shoulder.*

ATTENDANT.

You've got to go, missis.

MRS. CALLENDER.

Again?

ATTENDANT.

[*Opening left door.*] 'Op it, an' look slippy.

[MRS. CALLENDER *goes out.* BERTIE *and* MOTHER KENT *alone down stage.*

MOTHER KENT.

Sorry for you, Bertie. Your girl's goin' to slip ye.

BERTIE.

What?

MOTHER KENT.

Goin' gorspellin', that's what she is. The Father's gettin' 'er.

BERTIE.

The Father?

MOTHER KENT.

Across the street. He's gettin' all o' them if they've got any looks. Gettin' them cheap too. Well, why shouldn't he? The most o' parsons are as plain as

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their patter, but he's a fine, good-looking young fellow, and he *ought* to get something for his work, pore dear——

BERTIE.

[*Fiercely.*] I wouldn't 'arf like to break 'is head. I will, too.

MOTHER KENT.

[*Egging him on.*] O yus, I dessay!

BERTIE.

You dessay! [*Vehemently.*] I *will*—I'll send 'im to the knackers.

MOTHER KENT.

Do it, dearie. If this Christian gime is played on our girls much longer, we might as well go on the parish strite!

BERTIE.

[*Bitterly.*] Not likely, though. Not 'arf.

[*The blare of the brass, the banging of the drums, and the singing of a chorus by many voices show that the performance is coming to an end.* BERTIE *and* MOTHER KENT *disappear.* LORD ROBERT URE *comes down, agitated. Music ends. There is applause, followed by calls. A middle-aged man,* ROSENBERG, *comes down to* LORD ROBERT; *Semitic features, many diamonds.*

ROSENBERG.

Glorious success! Immense! Colossal!

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LORD ROBERT.

What are they doing now, Rosenberg?

ROSENBERG.

Taking the calls.

LORD ROBERT.

Which of them?

ROSENBERG.

[*Going back and looking into auditorium.*] Everybody—all the principals. [*Calls again.*

LORD ROBERT.

Who's that for?

ROSENBERG.

Gloria, of course. [*Calls again.*

LORD ROBERT.

And that?

ROSENBERG.

The Manager. [*Calls again.*

LORD ROBERT.

And that?

ROSENBERG.

Gloria again! [*Coming down.*] Great Cæsar, how she's knocked 'em!

[*The applause dies down, the people in promenade go out right and left. Enter the Manager,* BUCKLEY, *surrounded by group of friends, congratulating him.* "*Congratulations, dear boy!*" "*Our new star is a treasure!*" "*Such chic, such sparkle!*" "*Sings like an artist, too!*"

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"But what have you London Managers been doing to let talent like that lie so long in the country?" The Manager says, "Thanks!" "Thanks, dear boy!"; shakes hands, and sees them all out by door down stage. Then turns to ROSENBERG *and* LORD ROBERT.

LORD ROBERT.

[*Lighting cigarette.*] Well, how has your débutante gone, Mr. Manager?

BUCKLEY.

Gone? Like a house afire. Couldn't have believed it possible. Old piece, old music, nothing but a new star to announce, and yet——

ROSENBERG.

Yet the money will roll in like water off a mill-wheel if only——

LORD ROBERT.

If only our friend, Drake, who is so rich and so necessary to our scheme——

[DRAKE *is seen crossing at back, carrying bouquet of flowers.* LORD ROBERT *calls to him.*]

Helloa there!

DRAKE.

Helloa! [*Comes down much excited.*

BUCKLEY.

Gloria's hit 'em, sir, hasn't she?

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DRAKE.

Where *is* Gloria?

BUCKLEY.

Left her on the stage when I came away. They were all buzzing about her like bees about a honey-pot.

DRAKE.

Hoped to be the first to congratulate her and came round immediately. What about supper?

BUCKLEY.

That's all right. Seen to it myself, sir.

ROSENBERG.

Supper?

DRAKE.

Just a bite to celebrate the event. Lord Robert, the Manager. the two Belmont girls, dear little Rosa Ray, and of course Gloria. You'll give us your company?

ROSENBERG.

Charmed, I'm sure. Going to Romano's.

BUCKLEY.

No; got the restaurant to send the supper in here. Ready immediately.

LORD ROBERT.

By Jove, old fellow, your little friend looked like a red standard-rose to-night.

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DRAKE.

Didn't she? Such a face for the stage, so strong and yet so tender. Such fire, such life, such movement!

LORD ROBERT.

Such grace, such distinction, such style!

BUCKLEY.

And then so bright, so chippy, so charming! I'll give her a three years' engagement to-morrow!

DRAKE.

Not if I know it, dear friend. It isn't in musical comedy that talents like hers——

LORD ROBERT.

Quite right. She'll go farther than that if you'll only give her a chance.

DRAKE.

I will, too, if I have to back her in the best theatre in London and go home to Egypt with nothing but my return ticket in my pocket.

ROSENBERG.

Great Cæsar, she'll have to thank you for something, sir!

LORD ROBERT.

[*Laughing.*] Oh, she will. she will, make your mind easy about that.

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BUCKLEY.

They all do, every one of 'em!

[*They laugh significantly.*

DRAKE.

Robert, how often am I to tell you that this is a different relation altogether? Because I discover a creature of genius and try to help her to the position she deserves, is it to be supposed——

LORD ROBERT.

[*Still laughing.*] You hypocrite! Do you want us to believe that you would have taken all this trouble——

BUCKLEY.

And put up all this money——

LORD ROBERT.

If your "creature of genius" had been a man instead of a charming little woman with big black eyes, you know?

DRAKE.

[*Laughing and going off.*] Oh, laugh away, you fellows—who the devil cares?

LORD ROBERT.

One moment. old fellow.

DRAKE.

[*Stopping.*] What is it now?

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LORD ROBERT.

[*Seriously.*] That woman has been here again to-night.

DRAKE.

What woman?

LORD ROBERT.

Mrs. Ormerod Callender, giving her flowers and cards away to the girls in the promenade, you know. She'll clear them all out if she's allowed to go on much longer.

DRAKE.

So much the better. It's a degradation and disgrace that any theatre should try to attract by its audience instead of its artists.

BUCKLEY.

Can't do without them, dear sir. When the rest of the house is empty I've seen the crush room crowded.

LORD ROBERT.

It isn't the woman, I'm afraid of though—it's the man.

DRAKE.

The man?

LORD ROBERT.

The person who has started his Salvation Zoo in the old Corinthian Music Hall. We used to think we could laugh it down, but it's no laughing matter now. It's got royalty at the head of it and half the fashionable women of London at its back.

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BUCKLEY.

Gives a cheap show, too, and is packed to the doors every night of life.

ROSENBERG.

Yes, the daughters of joy are as sentimental as nursery-maids, and go over at midnight to hear "Home, Sweet Home," and cry their eyes out.

LORD ROBERT.

If this "purity" crusade can't be stopped we'll have to put out our lights, sooner or later, and turn the square into a howling wilderness.

DRAKE.

How do you propose to stop it?

LORD ROBERT.

By putting the *man* out instead.

DRAKE.

Putting him out?

LORD ROBERT.

Nothing easier. He is only the tenant of the Corinthian Company and Rosenberg is the Managing Director.

DRAKE.

Well?

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LORD ROBERT.

Since Gloria has made such a good little running to-night and you intend to do the best for her, I thought we might kill two birds with one stone.

BUCKLEY.

Get rid of the parson and turn the old Corinthian into a brand-new house for a new star, see?

LORD ROBERT.

Rosenberg is willing to come in with us, and to sell the place cheap, so if you have any plans for Gloria why not settle the question right away?

DRAKE.

My dear Robert, I'll tell you why. The Corinthian is now a Home, a Refuge, a kind of church, isn't it?

LORD ROBERT.

So to speak.

DRAKE.

Well, to buy a church and turn it into a music-hall would be an abominable outrage. It would be like turning one of the tombs of Egypt into a dance-house.

LORD ROBERT.

My dear Drake, we are not going to uproot Christendom. In the interests of Society——

BUCKLEY.

And our friend, Gloria——

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LORD ROBERT.

We are going to protect ourselves from a puritanical craze which is ruinous and ridiculous, repossess ourselves of one of the temples of art and expel a cracked-brained clergyman who cannot be routed in any other way.

DRAKE.

What you say reminds me of another objection. You speak of the clergyman, and we know who he is.

LORD ROBERT.

He's a fool and a fanatic, if you ask me.

DRAKE.

Be that as it may, he's an old friend of Gloria's, and to turn him out of his Home of Refuge, or whatever you like to call it, in order to stop his work and make room for her, would be cowardly and cruel.

LORD ROBERT.

The fellow himself would have no compunctions. If he ever gets hold of the girl he'll stop *her* work and take her away from you without——

DRAKE.

When he attempts to do that we'll consider our position afresh. Meantime, if we have any respect for ourselves, let us treat him as a man and a gentleman and refuse to take advantage of him.

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[*Exit, going out* R. *The others look blankly at each other.*

ROSENBERG.

Doesn't look much like bringing it off there.

LORD ROBERT.

It's all right. We've one infallible assurance of success.

BUCKLEY.

What's that?

LORD ROBERT.

There's a woman in it. When a man's qualms of honour revolve about his relations with a woman his conscience is a coat that will always bear turning.

[*Enter from left of dress circle, which is now dark, three women, two being flashily dressed* —BETTY *and* LETTY BELMONT—*the third modestly attired and quiet,* ROSA RAY.

THE MEN.

Helloa!

LORD ROBERT.

How's Betty to-night?

BETTY.

Broken-hearted, Bobbie.

LETTY.

[*To Manager.*] Better take us home and bury us both, Buckey.

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BUCKLEY.

Why, what——?

BETTY.

She's wonderful! She's irresistible! She'll break up all the women and capture all the men.

ROSENBERG.

[*Looking off right.*] She's coming—she's here!

[*Re-enter* DRAKE, *with* GLORY *on his arm. She looks flushed and happy. The men and women receive her with clapping of hands.*

GLORY.

[*Looking all round.*] Oh, thank you! Thank you! How good you are to me!

BETTY.

It was charming, Gloria!

LETTY.

Such chic, such pace!

BETTY.

Never saw such a flutter in the front row of the stalls, dear.

LETTY.

We'll see nothing there now except shirt-fronts and eye-glasses, Gloria. [*Laugh.*]

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BETTY.

The men will go down before you in regiments, my dear. [*Laugh.*]

LETTY.

Your dressing-room will be like a florist's on market day.

BETTY.

You'll get proposals by every post, dear, and presents of things you could never buy on your salary, you know. [*Laugh.*]

LETTY.

Little Tiny Miller had a darling little Victoria after she made her hit, or got her divorce, or something. [*Laugh.*]

BETTY.

If I were Gloria I should expect a splendid new motor-car at my front door first thing to-morrow morning.

DRAKE.

She'll have it too, if she wants it. Why not?

BETTY.

Well, I'm not blaming her, am I, old dear?

[*All laugh significantly except* GLORY *and* ROSA. WAITER *comes out from curtains left and announces supper.* LORD ROBERT *and* BETTY, BUCKLEY *and* LETTY *go up and into room.* DRAKE *calls* WAITER, *and examines wine-card at back.* ROSENBERG *waits left for* ROSA, *who goes over to* GLORY.

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ROSA.

I hope you don't think all musical comedy girls are like that, Gloria.

GLORY.

[*Whose face has been twitching painfully.*] I hope they're not—I know they're not.

ROSA.

We are working women, you and I, and we don't want anything we can't earn, do we?

GLORY.

Indeed we don't.

ROSA.

I'm so glad you've had a success, Gloria. They were all raving about your voice at the back. "Where does it come from?" they were saying. "Out of a palace in Park Lane or a slum on the Ratcliffe Highway?" But I think I know—it comes out of your heart, dear.

[GLORY *clutches at* ROSA'S *hand.*]

You've lived and loved and suffered—I can see that. So have I. . . . Perhaps I can help you a little while you're here in the theatre. May I know you?

[GLORY *throws her arms about* ROSA *and kisses her impulsively.* ROSA *wipes her eyes.*]

I was sure of you the minute I saw you. Your real name is Glory, isn't it? [GLORY *nods.*] It wasn't for nothing you were given that name. God gave it to you.

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DRAKE.

[*Coming down.*] Coming, Glory?

[*He offers his arm to* GLORY, *and at the same moment* ROSENBERG *offers his to* ROSA; *but the girls laugh merrily, put their arms about each other and trip up into the room, the two men following them.* LIZA, GLORY'S *dresser, carrying cloaks, etc., is then seen coming out of darkness on right; at the same moment a* COMMISSIONAIRE *comes out of darkness on left.*

COMMISSIONAIRE.

Gentleman here to see your laidy, miss.

LIZA.

[*Coming down.*] Sorry he can't, though.

COMMISSIONAIRE.

Been waiting at the stage door since the show finished, Miss.

LIZA.

Then let 'im wait till it begins again.

[JOHN STORM *comes behind* COMMISSIONAIRE, *who goes back.*

JOHN STORM.

Can I see Miss Quayle, please?

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LIZA.

[*Without turning, laying out cloaks down stage*] Who's Miss Quayle?

JOHN STORM

Gloria then.

LIZA.

Miss Gloria is at supper.

JOHN STORM.

[*Coming down.*] I'll wait.

LIZA.

You needn't. She won't be a-comin' out for some time.

JOHN STORM

Where does she live?

LIZA.

If you want to write to the laidy write here.

JOHN STORM.

I want to see her—to speak to her to-night if possible, and if you'll take her a message, my goo girl——

LIZA.

Don't you try to get at me, sir. I ain't the sort o' girl——

JOHN STORM.

[*Laying hold of her arm.*] Liza.

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LIZA.

[*Turning in astonishment, with a total change of manner.*] I beg pardon, Father. I didn't notice as it was——

JOHN STORM.

[*In a low voice.*] How is . . . the child?

LIZA.

'E's all right now, Father. I sees 'im twice a month and sends 'is board money regular every week. But nobody knows nothin' about 'im, and if you'll be so good as not to mention 'im to Miss Gloria ——

JOHN STORM.

That s all right, Liza. Ask her where a friend can see her in the morning.

LIZA.

Certainly I will.

JOHN STORM.

A friend, you understand

LIZA.

[*Going.*] I understand, sir.

[*At that moment there are cries of "Chair!" from behind curtain, and then* DRAKE'S *voice is heard within.* LIZA *passes into the room.*

DRAKE.

[*Within.*] Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the health of Gloria. May her success to-night be only the beginning of a brilliant and triumphant career. [*Cheers, etc.*]

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JOHN STORM.

His voice! Drake's! [*Crosses to right and takes up a glove.*] Hers perhaps.

[*He is in the act of lifting it to his lips when the curtains at back are parted and* GLORIA *comes out.*]

What message, my girl?

GLORY.

Were you asking for me, sir?

JOHN STORM.

[*At sound of her voice turning quickly.*] Glory!

GLORY.

[*Recognising him, catching her breath.*] John! [*They clasp hands.*]

JOHN STORM.

I have frightened you?

GLORY.

[*Almost choking.*] Frightened? Oh no, why should you think so? But you are so——

JOHN STORM.

Altered am I?

GLORY.

And I?

JOHN STORM.

You are altered, too.

GLORY

[*Laughing as one who is afraid she may cry.*] Aw, it's terr'ble glad I am to see you, bhoy! But who would

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have expected to see you here? How did you find me?

JOHN STORM.

I saw the name over the theatre.

GLORY.

The theatre! Only think of you looking at theatres!

JOHN STORM.

I've been here all through the performance.

GLORY.

Then you saw the glorious . . . But tell me about yourself, John. What has happened since I saw you last?

JOHN STORM.

It took me half the time to take orders, and then——

GLORY.

Well?

JOHN STORM.

You remember the new social movement I spoke about?

GLORY.

The crusade for girls and women? Yes.

JOHN STORM.

It's under way at last. We have a band of sisters who work every night in Piccadilly, and splendid quarters for our work in a music-hall which failed and is now re-christened "The Queen's Home"—meaning "Home of Refuge," you know.

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GLORY.

Fancy!

JOHN STORM.

We're only tenants of it yet, but we're gathering money every day and hope to buy it out and out.

GLORY.

Glorious!

JOHN STORM.

And you, Glory? Where have you been during the past two years, and why haven't you answered my letters—the letters I sent through your people!

GLORY.

[*Looking grave, then laughing.*] Because I've been fighting a battle——

JOHN STORM.

A battle?

GLORY.

[*Laughing.*] Yes, against Satan and all his imps. But I meant to write to you the moment victory perched on my banner—see?

JOHN STORM.

[*Gravely.*] You've had struggles?

GLORY.

Struggles! [*Laughs, turns up her eyes, and whistles.*] I brought three golden sovereigns from the island to distribute among the people of London, but, bless you, they went nowhere.

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JOHN STORM.

And then?

GLORY.

Then hope was a good breakfast but a bad supper you know.

JOHN STORM.

You suffered privations

GLORY.

[*Laughing.*] Bread-and-butter for breakfast, bread-and-butter for lunch, and then, by way of a change for dinner, bread-and-butter and water bewitched—that's tea.

JOHN STORM.

You don't mean to say you were in want, Glory!

GLORY.

Hoots! An able-bodied woman like Glory doesn't starve in a place like London. And then life was so wonderfully interesting that if I had only been a man . . . I should have been the happiest woman in the world, God bless me!

JOHN STORM.

I see. A young girl—a beautiful girl——

GLORY.

[*With a laugh and a shrug.*] Beautiful? Well, I haven't got a face to frighten horses, have I?

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JOHN STORM.

[*With emotion.*] Where have you been living, Glory?

GLORY.

Here, there, everywhere, nowhere—on tour, you know.

JOHN STORM.

Travelling all the time?

GLORY.

[*Shaking her head.*] No, only on Sundays. I find that's what Sunday is meant for—to go from town to town, eight of us in every third-class compartment—always third-class ——

JOHN STORM.

Why?

GLORY.

Because there isn't a fourth. [*Laugh.*] Think what they'd say in the island—the dear old Pharisees who wouldn't eat an egg if they thought it was laid on the Sabbath day.

JOHN STORM.

The men were unkind to you, Glory?

GLORY.

Not all—only those that counted. Oh, when I think of it I grow old and wrinkled like a Christmas apple. Shall I tell you? Yes, yes, I will! There were the agents first . . . I've forgotten all my Latin since

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the days with grandfather, but isn't "agent" from *agere*, "to do"? [STORM *nods.*] Well, they were always doing me. [*Laugh.*] Then there were the stage managers—stage damagers we called them. They engaged the chorus, and were always sensible of the drawing power of female attractions. Some affected the Gibson type of beauty; but they were not bigoted. Dark or fair, tall or short, no matter if they couldn't act any more than stuffed dolls, and didn't know enough to come in out of the rain, they were all right so long as——

JOHN STORM.

As—what?

GLORY.

So long as they were like a pair of theatrical tongs —all legs and no head, you know. [*Laughing and springing up.*] But that's all over now, and what matter? [*Acting.*] "I likes to be jolly and I allus is!"

JOHN STORM.

But how did you come to London, Glory?

GLORY.

[*With constraint.*] Well, you know, Mr. Drake . . . you remember Mr. Drake?

JOHN STORM.

Perfectly.

GLORY.

Mr. Drake always thought pearls and diamonds of Glory Quayle and predicted wonderful things for her, And then Mr. Drake had a friend, Lord Robert Ure

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—you remember Lord Bobbie? [STORM *nods.*] Well, Mr. Drake found me out at last and put an end to my Wandering Jew existence by getting me an engagement through Lord Robert's influence——

JOHN STORM.

[*Significantly*]. I see.

GLORY.

And to-night I've made my *début* in London, and had a sort of a little wee, big triumph.

JOHN STORM.

Have you written to tell your people at home, Glory?

GLORY.

Not yet, but I will to-morrow, and if my notices are good, and Glory is a great person——

JOHN STORM.

Why not ask your grandfather to visit you?

GLORY.

[*Throwing up both hands.*] Oh my gracious! To think of grandfather hearing the Belmont girls on Monday nights. [*Acting.*] "Hello, duckie, had a good week-end?" "Ripping, dearie!" [*Laughs.*]

JOHN STORM.

Glory, if you are ashamed of your way of life, believe me, it's not the right one.

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GLORY.

Ashamed? Everybody says how proud I should be. And if I say these things to you, you mustn't think I am one of the people who go about blackening. . . . Listen, there are managers who discountenance any vulgarity and artists who live the lives of gentlemen and women of the musical stage who are as good as gold, bless them.

JOHN STORM.

God forbid that I should sit in judgment on any man, least of all on any woman, Glory. But these good women of the musical stage, do they often *remain* good women?

GLORY.

Oh, give a dog a bad name——

JOHN STORM.

Poor souls, they are placed in a position so false that it would require extraordinary virtue not to become false along with it. The whiter the soul that is dragged through such—such mire, the more the defilement. Oh, I know what I'm saying, and it's true—you know it's true.

GLORY.

I know it's hard and cruel and pitiless, and since you were here to-night and saw how kind the audience was to me, it is personal and false as well. . . . But, John, it's two years since we saw each other last and isn't it a pity . . . [*Cries behind,* "*Gloria!*" "*Gloria!*"] I must go back now. You'll

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see me again. I live in the Garden-house in Clement's Inn.

JOHN STORM.

Wait! [*Rattling of plates, etc., within.*

LORD ROBERT.

[*Within.*] In the continued absence of our songstress, I have the honour to reply on her behalf. Dear boys and girls [*Jingling of glasses*], my glass is full and so is my heart ["*Empty them both, Bobbie!*"] but as soon as I return in my charming and proper person I will kiss you all round as an expression of my love and gratitude.

[*Laughter and noisy applause.*

GLORY.

[*Ashamed, trying to laugh it off.*] That's only Lord Robert, you know.

JOHN STORM.

Glory, come here. [*He leads her down; she sits.*] You remember little Polly Love?

GLORY.

[*Almost inaudibly.*] Yes.

JOHN STORM.

Six months after you left the island she left it also, and her young brother, fearing the worst, made up his mind to follow her. The first time he found her she was living in St. John's Wood. A little closet of a house behind a high wall, full of gaudy furniture, bad French novels, photographs of the wrong women

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and fast men. Then Lord Robert, to pay his debts, his gambling debts, married a rich wife—a good woman who was sold to him by her father for the sake of his name, his title—and the next time Paul found his sister she was lodging in a back room in Gray's Inn Road. No carpet on the floor, no fender before the fire, cigarette ends scattered about the hearth, an unmade bed in the corner, and an empty whisky bottle on a table by the wall. He found her again yesterday. She had tried to throw herself into the river from the Temple steps, and a few hours afterwards she gave birth to a child. She is in the hospital —the workhouse hospital—[*sound of* LORD ROBERT'S *voice laughing within*] while the man who brought her there—is here.

GLORY.

[*Who has covered her face and moaned "Oh! Oh!"*] But even if Lord Robert is all you say, other men—Mr. Drake, for instance——

JOHN STORM.

Mr. Drake is his friend, Glory.

GLORY.

Mr. Drake is a different person altogether.

JOHN STORM.

If there were any real differences between them——

GLORY.

But there is, and if a girl were down——

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JOHN STORM.

He would drop her like an old lottery ticket that has drawn a blank and is done for. [GLORY *covers her face.*] Glory, I stand on the shores of the dead sea you are sailing on, and I know the wrecks that are washed to my feet. Little Ruby Raymond, who was such a favourite when Lord Durnley took her up —where is she now? In a Bloomsbury boarding-house, pensioned off and drinking herself to death. Violet Vandyke, who drew crowds to the Philharmonic when scandal trifled with her name and princes loaded her with presents?—In a Salvation home in Highbury, the presents gone, so are the princes. Gladys Gurney, who had so great a vogue after she figured in the divorce court with her South African millionaire?—In a pauper's grave in Kensal Green.

GLORY.

[*Rising.*] But John, John Storm, don't you see that when you think and talk of me as if I were a woman of that kind, you hurt me and degrade me, and I cannot bear it?

JOHN STORM.

I didn't come here to do that, Glory. And neither did I come to condemn the theatre—the theatre that Shakespeare wrote for, the stage that Irving trod, the drama that uplifts and cheers and comforts, and is often better than many sermons that men like me can preach. That is the real theatre, Glory; this is only its miserable subterfuge, and no good woman——

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GLORY.

[*Interrupting.*] But, John, my dear John, don't you see there are two women in me always? It is not I myself that live in this—this subterfuge, and go through this—this mire as you call it. It is only my other self, my lower self, if you like, and I'm not touched by it at all. Don't you see that? Don't you, now?

JOHN STORM.

Yes, I see that there are two selves in you, Glory, and one of them is pure and strong and unselfish, but there is no one to speak to it; while the other self, the lower self—there are only too many to speak to that, Glory.

GLORY.

[*Vehemently.*] I know whom you mean. You mean Mr. Drake, and you are mistaken. Mr. Drake is a good friend to me, but he isn't anything else and doesn't want to be.

JOHN STORM.

Don't be misled, my child.

GLORY.

He has encouraged me and helped me in my profession, but he has never shown me anything but respect, and whatever happens to other women——

JOHN STORM.

Every girl thinks her own case will be an exception. There are no exceptions. [GLORY *makes a gesture of indignation.*] Oh, I know, I know! Such

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a man sometimes thinks he plays the game fair. If he does wrong he is willing to pay. He will help and encourage a girl as long as her beauty lasts and her celebrity fascinates him, but never for a moment will he think of her as his friend, his comrade, his equal. In his heart of hearts she is always his dependent, his plaything. [*Vehemently.*] It is men like these that are the profligates of the playhouse, and the managers who take their wealth to parade the beauty of their women and trade on the garbage of the divorce court, are nothing but its pimps and panders.

GLORY.

I see what you mean. You want me give up my profession and the friends who have helped me to gain success in it. There are not many ways a woman can live—that's the cruelty of things. But there are a few, and I've chosen the one I'm fit for. And now —now that I've escaped from all that misery and have begun to bring the eyes of London upon me, and the world is full of smiles for me, you come at last and tell me to give it all up. Yes, that's what you mean—give it all up. [*Laughing and wiping her eyes.*] You see I'm crying again—goodness knows why! But I will not give up my profession——

JOHN STORM.

You will, Glory.

GLORY

I will not.

JOHN STORM.

You will!

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GLORY.

[*Still laughing and crying.*] The idea! It's ridiculous!

JOHN STORM.

[*Laying hold of her arm.*] More than that, you will come to me. Yes to me! You'll leave everything behind you and take the place I keep waiting for you by my side.

[*Her laughing stops. She looks at him in astonishment. The curtains open, and* LORD ROBERT, *a little tipsy, comes out.*

LORD ROBERT.

A song! A song! Has our nightingale forsaken us altogether? [*Sees* STORM.] Oh!

DRAKE.

[*Within.*] Gloria, where are you?

GLORY.

[*After a moment.*] I'm coming.

[*She runs in with an hysterical cry.* LORD ROBERT *and* JOHN STORM *come face to face.*

LORD ROBERT.

[*Putting on monocle.*] Hardly expected to see your reverence to-night.

JOHN STORM.

Nor I your lordship. But since things have fallen out so there is something I wish to say to you.

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LORD ROBERT.

Really? To me? What can it be, I wonder?

JOHN STORM.

Only an old story, Lord Robert—a very stale old story. A poor girl who was lost has been found—and she is a mother.

LORD ROBERT.

How original! But I don't feel a commanding interest in your story, and I find myself at a loss to understand why you tell it to me.

JOHN STORM.

Lord Robert Ure, you understand me perfectly.

LORD ROBERT.

[*Coming up to him insolently.*] May I ask your reverence what is *your* position in this matter—your standing, don't you know?

JOHN STORM.

Merely that of a man who means to stand by an injured woman. [LORD ROBERT *drops his head.*] I will not ask you what you are going to do for the girl.

LORD ROBERT.

[*Crossing to right.*] Don't.

[GLORY'S *voice within begins to sing in a nervous tremolo.*

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JOHN STORM.

But I *will* ask you a simpler, perhaps an easier question—what are you going to do for your child?

LORD ROBERT.

Precisely what I please—anything or nothing—exactly as I think well, without the counsel or coercion of any clergyman.

JOHN STORM.

[*Crossing to him threatingly.*] Do you think you can talk like——[GLORY'S *voice swells up, he stops.*] But it would be useless to bandy words with you. I came here on a different errand.

[*Looking back at curtains.*

LORD ROBERT.

[*Following his gaze.*] Oh, that? Yes, that's a different matter altogether.

JOHN STORM.

God grant it is and always may be! [*Going up.*]

LORD ROBERT.

I mean that in that instance you may have to reckon with my friend Drake. The lady seems to be necessary to his plans, and depend upon it, he'll make a fight for her.

JOHN STORM.

So will I, and whatever my standing in the other case, in this one I know what it is.

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LORD ROBERT.

[*Mockingly.*] Just so!

JOHN STORM.

[*With dignity.*] You forget yourself. I am a priest. [LORD ROBERT *bows cynically.*] But priest or no priest, why should I mince matters? The welfare of the lady we speak of is more to me than that of anybody else in the world. If she is in peril I intend to save her—whether from you or your friend—or, if need be, from herself.

LORD ROBERT.

So, it's a duel, is it?

JOHN STORM.

[*With emphasis.*] Yes, a duel—you for the girl's body, I for her soul.

[*He goes out. The song ends; there is noisy applause from within, and then the company come out of inner room.* BETTY *has her arm through* GLORY'S. GLORY *looks serious. All the rest are very merry.* DRAKE *slightly intoxicated.*

BETTY.

That's all right, Bobbie. I've persuaded Gloria to go to the Derby with us.

LORD ROBERT.

Good! Very good!

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LETTY.

More than that, we are to finish up the day with a game of bridge in Gloria's sweet little rooms.

DRAKE.

Is that so, Glory?

GLORY.

I suppose it is. I might as well be sold for a sheep as a lamb—now.

BUCKLEY *and* ROSENBERG.

Cloaks, ladies!

BETTY.

And take my tip and you'll bring it off, dear—Hawthornden, thirty-three to two, remember.

DRAKE.

Why, what's this running after strange gods?

BETTY.

I'm telling Gloria to send two sovs. to the Pelican and draw her merry little sixty-six on race-day.

[*Enter* FOOTMAN.

FOOTMAN.

Cabs at the door, sir.

BUCKLEY.

Right! Send for Miss Gloria's carriage immediately. [*Exit* FOOTMAN.

LETTY.

Ta-ta, Gloria Sleep well!

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ROSA.

[*Kissing* GLORIA.] You look tired and ought to be in bed, dear. Good-night.

BUCKLEY *and* ROSENBERG.

[*Giving their arms to* LETTY *and* ROSA.] Good-night! [*At door.*] Raining?

LETTY.

Oh my!

BETTY.

[*Lifting her frock.*] Frocks up, girls, and take care of your dainty little tootsicums.

LORD ROBERT.

[*To* DRAKE, *giving his arm to* BETTY.] Back presently. Something to tell you, dear boy.

[*They go out merrily. Their voices heard outside, laughing, and crying "Hansom!"*

DRAKE.

And now that I've got you to myself at last, let me tell you what a wonderful success you had to-night, Glory.

GLORY.

[*Brightening.*] Was it really?

DRAKE.

Of course it was—I always knew it would be. But all the same, musical comedy isn't the proper vehicle

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for talents like yours, and it won't be until you go on to the stage proper——

GLORY.

[*Eagerly.*] You think that? You think I'm fit for it?

DRAKE.

You're fit for anything in the world, Glory. "Magda," "Monna Vanna," "Mrs. Tanqueray"——

GLORY.

[*More eagerly.*] You really think that if I work hard—after years and years perhaps——

DRAKE.

They'll be talking of you in the same breath with Dusé, Clara Morris, Ellen Terry, and the very best of them.

GLORY.

[*Her eyes shining.*] It's like a foolish dream coming true.

DRAKE.

The many-headed multitude keep the softest corner in their hearts for their artists, and when the artist happens to be a woman——

GLORY.

[*Rapturously.*] I shan't mind what anybody thinks of me then. I shall be in the right place at last—the right place for me, I mean.

DRAKE.

A sweet and lovely woman——

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GLORY.

[*Not listening.*] I'll send for grandfather, too. Why houldn't I? He will be proud and happy.

DRAKE.

They worship her like an idol, and love her like a doll——

GLORY.

How splendid! How glorious! But if God is going to be so good to me, I shall owe it all to you.

DRAKE.

[*Closer.*] No, to yourself, dearest, because you are the brightest, cleverest, most charming little woman in the world.

GLORY.

[*Rising.*] How can I show you my gratitude?

DRAKE.

[*Putting on her cloak.*] Oh, that will be all right, you know. [*Laughs.*]

GLORY.

How can I?

DRAKE.

Well, why not the usual way, Glory?

GLORY.

But how?

DRAKE.

[*Laughing.*] What an innocent little woman it is, to be sure.

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GLORY.

How can I ever repay you?

DRAKE

[*Putting his arms about her and kissing her.*] This way.

GLORY.

[*Sinking back to seat.*] Oh!

DRAKE.

[*Behind her.*] You dear, darling, big-eyed child; if it is true that you owe anything to me, let me have the joy of looking after your happiness, of caring for you and protecting you, and being with you always.

GLORY.

[*Scarcely able to breathe.*] You don't mean . . surely you don't mean——

DRAKE.

[*Laughing, losing himself.*] I do—certainly I do. Your success to-night will bring other men about you, and you must be mine before anybody else tempts you away.

GLORY.

[*As if choking.*] You're not asking me to—to marry——

DRAKE.

[*Laughing.*] Of course not. No good humbugging ourselves with that idea, you know. Some fellows marry the girls of the theatre, but it's cruel, it's

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unjust. Their people won't have them, and what's the result? Humiliation for the women, misery for the men, separation, divorce——

GLORY.

[*Biting her lip.*] So you think that I——

DRAKE.

[*Laughing immoderately.*] Of course I do. I think that you are far too clever and unconventional to have any old-fashioned notions about the irrational knot, you know. You shall have a nice little house in Mayfair, a nice little automobile—

[GLORY *rises, her breath coming in gusts: he puts his arms about her.*]

—everything you want, everything you can wish for, money to send to your people at home that they may never know a poor day again, and——

GLORY.

[*Struggling and breaking away.*] Let me go! You are stifling me! [*A pause; she begins to cry.*

DRAKE.

Why, Glory, what is the matter with you?

GLORY.

[*Crying.*] I feel as if I had been dreaming a beautiful dream, and have just awakened and it is gone.

DRAKE.

Good Lord, little girl, you are not going to——

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GLORY.

[*Still crying.*] I dare say it's all my own fault, but Fate seems to have been laughing at me, and oh! the jest is very cruel.

DRAKE.

[*Trying to laugh it off.*] My dear little woman, you don't mean to say——

GLORY.

[*Still crying.*] I thought you meant what you said when you told me what I could do, and be; but now —now I know——

DRAKE.

[*Still trying to laugh it off.*] Come, come, my dear——

GLORY.

I thought you were not like other men, and that if a woman wanted help——

DRAKE.

Glory, my child——

GLORY.

I told him you had been a good friend to me but you were not anything else and didn't want to be.

DRAKE.

Who——?

GLORY.

He said men like you couldn't think of a girl like me as a comrade, an equal, but only as a dependent, a plaything.

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DRAKE.

Storm? Was it he who was here with you while we——

GLORY.

I wouldn't believe him, but it's true.

DRAKE.

It's false, and the man who says so——

GLORY.

[*Flaring up.*] It's true—you know it's true! Other women are your friends, your wives. We are only the amusement of your lives and fill up the hidden side of it.

[LORD ROBERT *is seen coming in at the back. He stands and listens.*]

You are all alike. You think a woman who can be helped is a woman who can be bought. Let me go home.

[*She makes a movement towards door, he intercepts her.*

DRAKE.

[*Threateningly.*] One moment, Glory! If that man has been blackening my character——

GLORY.

It's *you* who have been blackening it—by your own words—out of your own mouth.

DRAKE.

[*Still more threateningly.*] If he has been trying to

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make mischief between you and me—to take you away from me—this clergyman with his accursed religious egotism, his damnable new puritanism——

GLORY.

[*Passionately.*] Oh, it's not the first time I've spoken with a clergyman. I am the daughter of a clergyman and the grand-daughter of a clergyman, and I know what a clergyman is when he is strong and brave and tender and merciful to every living thing, but most of all to a woman when she is helpless, alone, and has to earn her own living, and her good name is more to her than anything else in the world. Open that door!

DRAKE.

One moment!

GLORY.

[*Vehemently.*] Open it!

[*He opens it. She goes out. In the picture* DRAKE *is sitting on chair, and* LORD ROBERT *stands, smiling, with one hand on his shoulder.*

CURTAIN.

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THE THIRD ACT

SCENE.—*Hall of "The Queen's House." Broad staircase up middle of stage with sign at foot "To Public Hall." Doors right and left on upper landing. Doors right and left down stage. Door left up stage with sign "To Supper Room." Door under landing on right. Table with chair on right centre. Writing-table with two chairs on left centre.*

When curtain rises there is a busy scene. The organ is playing within. A crowd of young men and young women are coming in by door down stage left. The girls are the same as were seen in the previous act, but they are now broken and downcast. Some of them are being led in by Sisters in uniform, who present them to STORM *and* MRS. CALLENDER *and then go out for others.* STORM *and* MRS. CALLENDER *pass the girls on to three or four fashionably-dressed ladies, who lead some to Supper Room and others to Hall.* PAUL *is sitting at writing-table, entering in a ledger the names of new-comers, as* STORM *from time to time goes over and calls them out to him.*

BLACK MEG *comes in, half-leading, half-dragging* JENNY, *who looks weak and faint.* MRS. CALLENDER *shakes hands with them, then crosses to* STORM, *who is at writing-table. Organ stops.*

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MRS. CALLENDER.

[*To* STORM.] Black Meg again, poor girl.

JOHN STORM.

[*To* MEG.] Glad to see you, Meg. What's the matter now?

BLACK MEG.

This is my sister, Jenny, and she's ill and broke, that's what's a-matter, sir.

JOHN STORM.

[*Taking* JENNY.] Poor child!

BLACK MEG.

That cross-eyed old cat got 'old of 'er, and kep' 'er indoors, fear she might run away.

JOHN STORM

Mrs. Kent?

BLACK MEG.

Yes, but I got into the house at last, and tore the old palsy-head to pieces and brought Jenny away.

JOHN STORM.

You did quite right, Meg.

BLACK MEG.

When she gets well you might send 'er 'ome to the mother. She lives at Rotherhithe. I'll pay the fare. S'long!

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JENNY.

[*Whimpering.*] Are you going to leave me here, alone, Meg?

BLACK MEG.

Gerralong, ye silly! You ain't in Mother Kentie's cupboards now. Ta-ta!

[BLACK MEG *makes for door.* MRS. CALLENDER *follows her.* STORM *and* JENNY *step back a pace or two.*

MRS. CALLENDER.

[*To* MEG.] We'll look after Jenny, but won't you stay with her yourself, Meg?

BLACK MEG.

Not me. It's all right for the little 'un. But no 'omes for me, no thank you!

MRS. CALLENDER.

You're going back to Bertie, aren't you?

BLACK MEG.

Maybe I am, Sister.

MRS. CALLENDER.

He beats you, doesn't he, Meg?

BLACK MEG.

What if 'e do, it ain't nobody's business but mine —see?

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MRS. CALLENDER.

Oh Meg, Meg, whatever will be the end of it?

BLACK MEG.

[*Laughing.*] That's all right. Over the bridge, p'raps, that'll be the end of it. [*Laughs again.*

MRS. CALLENDER.

Aren't you afraid, Meg?

BLACK MEG.

Who've I got to be afraid of? Bert? That's the on'y way I can slip 'im—see?

MRS. CALLENDER.

But aren't you afraid of God?

BLACK MEG.

Rot! There ain't no God. If there was, d'ye think e'd let men knock pore women about the same as they do? Every one o' them, curse 'em; and some o' the women that good and true——. No! I'm on'y a bad 'un myself, but don't talk to me about no Gawd. [*Going.*] By-bye!

JOHN STORM.

[*Coming down right and intercepting her.* Meg?

BLACK MEG.

Sir?

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JOHN STORM.

You brought little Jenny here—why did you do that?

BLACK MEG.

'Cause I couldn't 'elp it. 'Cause something was allus saying to me, "Get 'er out o' that 'ouse, Meg. You can't leave the little un in a hell like that."

JOHN STORM.

That was God, Meg.

BLACK MEG.

But she's my sister, don't ye 'ear? A girl don't want 'er own sister to go through what she 'as gone through, do she?

JOHN STORM.

But you've brought other girls here before to-night, Meg.

BLACK MEG.

Fools! Soapy-headed young fools as didn't know the way they was going. Besides, they was somebody else's sisters, wasn't they?

JOHN STORM.

Meg, why do you call yourself a bad woman

BLACK MEG.

[*Looking up sharply.*] Eh?

JOHN STORM.

You are not a bad woman, Meg.

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BLACK MEG.

[*Laughing.*] Ain't I? Ask 'em at Bow Street about that. They'll tell ye something.

JOHN STORM.

I don't care about what they'll tell me—you are not a bad woman.

BLACK MEG.

[*Beginning to get hoarse.*] I ran away from 'ome when I was as young as Jenny. It knocked the old man 'ard. I killed 'im.

JOHN STORM.

Still you are not a bad woman, Meg.

BLACK MEG.

[*Snuffling.*] There ain't a ring on my 'ands as doesn't belong to Bert. 'E took 'em off Carrie Seymour when she was lyin' dead and give 'em to me. I lerrim do it.

JOHN STORM.

In spite of all, you are not a bad woman, Meg. You are a good woman—because your heart is good. [MEG'S *bosom heaves visibly.*] Meg?

BLACK MEG.

[*Hardly audible.*] Yes, sir?

JOHN STORM.

We just want a woman like you in a place like this.

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BLACK MEG.

[*Breathing hard.*] Me?

JOHN STORM.

To go out into the streets at night and bring in the poor girls who are knocked and ill and don't know the way they're going.

BLACK MEG.

[*In broken gasps.*] But I've been one of themselves, Gawd 'elp me—one of the worst o' them.

JOHN STORM.

That's why, Meg. Because you've been one of themselves—because they are your sisters and you love them—because you've known what it is to fall, and then take heart and get up again. . . . Won't you stay with us, Meg?

[BLACK MEG *hesitates for a moment, her head rises, her bosom heaves, her eyes shine, then she tears the rings off her fingers and throws them on the table.*

BLACK MEG.

[*With a wild cry.*] Jenny, I'm going to stay!

[*With shouts of joy* STORM *and* MRS. CALLENDER *go up behind* BLACK MEG, *who puts her arms around* JENNY *and carries her off by upper door left. There is a loud knocking at door right.* PAUL *crosses and opens it.* BERTIE *and* MOTHER KENT *try to enter;* PAUL *tries to keep them out.*

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PAUL.

You can't come in here—you shan't.

BERTIE.

[*Swinging* PAUL *round.*] Get out of the way, you young whelp!

[PAUL *is rushing at* BERTIE *again when* STORM *comes down.*

JOHN STORM.

All right, Paul. Let them come in. They are the very people I want to see.

BERTIE.

[*Contemptuously.*] You'll see enough of us afore we've done with you. P'raps you know who we are and what we've come for?

JOHN STORM.

Certainly I do. Sit down.

[BERTIE *sits right,* MOTHER KENT, *whose clothes are much torn, sits left; both truculent.* STORM *takes book from table.*]

You, my good woman——

MOTHER KENT.

Who are you a-calling your good woman?

JOHN STORM.

I beg your pardon. You are not a good woman. You are only Mrs. Kent of Doughty Street, otherwise

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Mrs. Hamilton of Guilford Street, otherwise Madame Gourmet of the Gray's Inn Road.

MOTHER KENT.

Wrong again. Call me another as I know, dearie.

JOHN STORM.

[*Referring to book.*] Quite right. Your name—your *real* name—is Phœbe Jenkyns, and you began by being kitchen-maid to a lady in Lavender Hill, and got three years imprisonment for trying to rob and poison her; but now you live by keeping fifty fashionable houses in the West End of London.

MOTHER KENT.

I don't live by picking holes in other people's coats any way.

JOHN STORM.

No, you prefer picking oakum, don't you? [*To* BERTIE.] As for you, my friend, you are Bertie the bully, alias Charlie Dixon the welsher, alias Peter Curphy the keeper of bogus clubs.

BERTIE.

It's a lie.

JOHN STORM.

[*Referring to book.*] My mistake again. You are not even an English hooligan. You are really a Cockney Italian, and you came to this country first with a barrel organ and a little monkey with a long tail.

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BERTIE.

Not 'alf so blawsted long as your tongue, Mister.

JOHN STORM.

Nor half so dirty as yours. And having told you who you are I'm going to tell you what you've come for. [*To* BERTIE.] *You* have come for the girl called Black Meg.

BERTIE.

I'll get her too, or I'll know wot's wot.

JOHN STORM.

[*To* MOTHER KENT.] And *you* have come for little Jenny who escaped from your house when Black Meg tore you to ribbons.

MOTHER KENT.

[*Rising and showing her tattered clothes.*] Look at me yourself, sir.

JOHN STORM.

[*Folding his arms.*] Well, you can't have either of them. Little Jenny is to go home——

MOTHER KENT.

[*Sitting.*] That's just what I want 'er to do, dearie.

JOHN STORM.

To her mother's home—and Black Meg is to stay here.

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BERTIE.

She's chucked me for good then?

JOHN STORM.

That's it, Bertie. She's chucked you for good and is going to live the rest of her life with me.

MOTHER KENT.

What did I tell ye, Bert? The parson's 'aving the best o' the girls. 'E's 'aving scores and scores of 'em.

JOHN STORM.

Oh, but I mean to have more of them yet. Hundreds, thousands—I mean to have the whole of them.

BERTIE.

[*With unutterable emotions.*] Gawd!

JOHN STORM.

And now, having told you what you've come for, I'm going to tell you what you've got to do. You've got to leave those girls alone.

MOTHER KENT.

When I get a bit o' my own back p'raps. There ain't a stitch on Jenny's body as didn't come out o' the bottom o' my purse.

BERTIE.

[*Smiting table.*] And there ain't a ring on Black Meg's hands as wasn't give to 'er by me.

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JOHN STORM.

And there isn't a meal in either of your stomachs that wasn't bought with the price of some woman's soul. [*Seeing* MEG'S *rings on table,* BERTIE *begins to smuggle them into his pocket.*] But you're going to leave those girls alone, do you hear, or else the police are going to find out who was the fat old female that picked up a child under sixteen at Charing Cross Station, and who was the foreign-looking scoundrel that stole the diamond rings off Carrie Seymour's dead fingers and then left her to be buried by the parish.

MOTHER KENT.

They've give us away, Bert. There's gratitood, if you like!

BERTIE.

[*Secretly putting the rings back on to the table.*] There ain't no gratitood in this world, Mother.

JOHN STORM.

There's justice, though, and having told you what you've got to do in the future, I'm going to tell you, as my last word, what you've got to do now. [*Looking at his watch and turning to* BERTIE.] You've got to take this wicked old woman and get out of this place inside fifteen seconds or I'll knock you down and kick you out.

MOTHER KENT.

[*Jumping up.*] This ain't no place for us, Bert.

[PAUL *goes to door and opens it.* MOTHER KENT *goes out hurriedly.*

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BERTIE.

[*Rising.*] Take care, Father! P'raps there isn't a friend o' mine as doesn't 'arf want to pay ye a visit. A call o' ceremony, so to speak. He might come to-night if I give 'im the tip. Then we'd see which of us ud get knocked out first. [STORM *is pushing* BERTIE *towards door.*] Easy does it, there! Mind your grease, guv'nor! Don't push, sir—shove!

JOHN STORM.

With pleasure!

[*Taking* BERTIE *with both hands,* STORM *flings him headlong out, and* PAUL *bangs the door behind him. Organ within begins to play "Nazareth."*

Paul!

PAUL.

Yes, sir?

JOHN STORM.

[*Pointing to rings on table.*] Take these things to Bow Street and say they're Black Meg's contribution to the poor box.

PAUL.

I will, sir. [*Going.*

JOHN STORM.

And, Paul?

PAUL.

[*Coming back.*] Yes?

JOHN STORM.

What about Polly?

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PAUL.

I saw her this morning. She's coming to see you to-night.

JOHN STORM.

Look out for her at the door—she'll be afraid to come up alone.

PAUL.

Yes, indeed, sir.

[PAUL *goes out by door right, under landing.* STORM *sits at table, looks over ledger and sings a bar or two of "Nazareth" to the organ playing within. The door right opens quietly as a lady comes in.* STORM *rises.*

LADY.

You are Mr. Storm, I think.

JOHN STORM.

Yes.

LADY.

I am Lady Robert Ure. May I speak to you for a moment?

JOHN STORM.

Certainly.

LADY ROBERT.

I came on a delicate errand.

JOHN STORM.

Pray take a seat

LADY ROBERT

[*Sitting.*] I have heard of the poor girl who

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attempted suicide. It was in all the newspapers. I was so sorry, so humiliated, so ashamed.

JOHN STORM.

That was not your fault, Lady Robert.

LADY ROBERT.

It is little I can do for the poor young thing who has been so cruelly wronged and injured, but if I might take the child off her hands and bring it up for her——

JOHN STORM.

You mean that?

LADY ROBERT.

I promise to be good to the child. It shall never leave me. And if it lives and grows up to love me, that may reconcile me to the present and perhaps atone to me for the past.

JOHN STORM.

God bless you and keep you and comfort you.

LADY ROBERT.

It is only my duty, Mr. Storm, my solemn and sacred duty.

JOHN STORM.

I don't know that it is your duty, dear lady, but if you wish for the child I think it is your right. I'll speak to the little mother immediately. She is to come here to-night. But you are sure of yourself —quite sure?

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LADY ROBERT.

Quite! Something tells me that God will never give me children of my own, so I shall be doing no harm to any one and nobody—not even my husband —need know whose child it is I adopt.

JOHN STORM.

Nobody shall know—nobody but our matron, Mrs. Callender. Come this way please. Let me take you to her.

[*Music stops. Applause within.* JOHN STORM *takes* LADY ROBERT *through upper door left.* PAUL *enters by lower door right, leading* POLLY *by the hands. She is pale, and poorly dressed.*

PAUL.

Come in, sister. Don't be afraid. The Father will be back presently.

POLLY.

Will he remember me?

PAUL.

Surely he will remember you. He is always speaking about you, and he seems so anxious to provide for the child——

POLLY.

[*Seeing upper door left open.*] Hush!

[STORM *returns.*

JOHN STORM.

Ah, Polly!

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POLLY.

Father!

JOHN STORM.

Sit down, my child. [*To* PAUL.] Ask Mrs. Callender to be good enough to come to me.

PAUL.

Yes, sir.

JOHN STORM.

And if Mr. Lamplugh is here at twelve, ring the bell for the midnight service.

PAUL.

I will, sir. [*Exit by door upper left.*]

JOHN STORM.

Your brother tells me you have some one else to care for now, Polly. [*She drops her head.*] How old is your little one?

POLLY.

[*Raising her head.*] A month, sir—a month to-morrow.

JOHN STORM.

A sweet little girl, perhaps?

POLLY.

[*Smiling.*] It's a boy. You may think it foolish, but I can never bear him out of my sight for a moment, and even when I was coming here——

JOHN STORM.

You left him in the care of somebody?

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POLLY.

Yes, but it's the first time, really. When he was born I intended to put him out to nurse, but now——

JOHN STORM.

Well?

POLLY.

People do wrong to part with their children, don't they? They should take a situation somewhere and keep them with them. That's why I thought——

JOHN STORM.

Yes?

POLLY.

When my brother told me you would help me to provide for my boy I thought if you could get h father to do something——

JOHN STORM.

I have seen him, my child.

POLLY.

Lord Robert?

JOHN STORM.

He will do nothing.

POLLY.

[*Rising.*] Oh, what encouragement is there to be good, I should like to know?

JOHN STORM.

It's all for the best, Polly. We'll do without him

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POLLY.

I'm not thinking of myself, sir; and if it wasn't for the child——

JOHN STORM.

I'm thinking of the child, too—and I've found you a lady who is willing to take charge of it.

POLLY.

Father!

[*Enter* MRS. CALLENDER. *Piano within.* PAUL *follows her, crosses and goes out at upper R.*

JOHN STORM.

This is Polly, Mrs. Callender.

MRS. CALLENDER.

[*Taking her hand.*] My poor lassie!

POLLY.

Is this the lady who is to . . . take charge of my baby?

MRS. CALLENDER.

Nay, not I, my lass; but somebody that's better able to tak' care of it. Don't ask me who it is, for I've given my word and I canna tell ye. A good woman though, a good Christian leddy, and she'll do her duty by your poor bairn—mak' yoursel' sure about that.

POLLY.

Do you mean that I am to part with my child—to give him up to somebody?

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MRS. CALLENDER.

Aye, to somebody that's able to look after it, and be a mother to it all its days.

POLLY.

But I can't, I can't! [*Indignantly.*] How can you ask me to do such a thing? If this is what you call helping me to provide for my child——

[POLLY *crosses towards R.* STORM *stops her.*

JOHN STORM.

Wait, Polly. You are only thinking of yourself now, you know.

POLLY.

But I shall never see him again.

JOHN STORM.

It's hard. I know it's hard; but think of what the child may have to go through if you keep him with you. And then think of your own trials, your own sufferings with this other little mouth to feed.

POLLY.

But oh, if you only knew——

JOHN STORM.

I do know—I know how you love your little one. But the highest love is the love that thinks of itself the last. Isn't a mother's love like that? Come now, for your little baby's sake——

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POLLY.

I suppose it's best.

JOHN STORM.

I am sure it's best.

POLLY.

If I give him up he'll be well off and want for nothing.

JOHN STORM.

Nothing at all.

POLLY.

He'll go to school with other boys and be dressed so beautifully.

JOHN STORM.

Indeed he will.

POLLY.

He'll go to college, too, and grow up to be a gentleman.

JOHN STORM.

That's a brave little woman now! Don't cry, don't break down. That's right. [*Leading her to door.*] Now hurry off for the child and the lady will be here when you come back again. [*Coaxing and comforting her,* STORM *sees* POLLY *out at door, then shuts it and stands back to it.*] Oh, auntie, auntie, when I see how women suffer for the sins of men I am ashamed that I am a man. [*Going up.*] Oh, you good women in your pure and happy homes, how can you sleep in your white beds at night while the streets of the city are full of the victims of shame?

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MRS. CALLENDER.

[*Who has sat at table, and is turning over the leaves of ledger.*] Aye, aye, it's a bonny effort you're making, but it's a dangerous one, too, laddie.

JOHN STORM.

[*Rapturously.*] The real work of the world is always dangerous, Auntie. It is ringed round with the whirlwind and is the creature of the earthquake and the storm.

MRS. CALLENDER.

It's a woman's work, I'm thinking.

JOHN STORM.

[*More soberly.*] Well, who knows—perhaps some day——

MRS. CALLENDER.

[*Looking up shrewdly.*] Eh?

JOHN STORM.

A woman's hand may come into it——

MRS. CALLENDER.

What?

JOHN STORM.

To help us to guide and control it.

MRS. CALLENDER.

Good! [*With a twinkle.*] It must be the right hand, though—mind that.

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JOHN STORM.

Oh, it will be the right hand, Auntie!

MRS. CALLENDER.

[*Laughing.*] Grand! I was thinking it might be the left hand, you see, and you would be putting a wedding-ring on it.

[*Applause within. Enter* FATHER LAMPLUGH, *L.*

JOHN STORM.

Welcome, Father Lamplugh! Just in time to save me from the withering shafts of Mrs. Callender.

MRS. CALLENDER.

I've been giving the body a hint that since he has dangerous work to do now, a good wife would be a great protection.

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

You're quite right, Mrs. Callender—a good wife would be a great protection.

MRS. CALLENDER.

Not that the laddie need jump out of the frying-pan into the fire, though. There are wives and wives, ye know, and the maist o' girls nowadays seem to think of nothing on earth but how to get themselves a husband.

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

Well, woman came first from the ribs of a man, you know.

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MRS. CALLENDER.

Then mebbe that's why she's always trying to get back to her old quarters.

JOHN STORM.

[*Going up.*] Auntie! Auntie!

[*Enter* PAUL *by upper door right.*

PAUL.

Archdeacon Wealthy to see you, sir.

[*Enter* ARCHDEACON WEALTHY, *very suave and effusive.* PAUL *goes up stairs and out.*

ARCHDEACON.

Ah, my dear Mr. Storm! and Father Lamplugh! and Mrs. Callender! I thought I would just come round to see what you dear, devoted people were doing under the shadow of my church, you know.

MRS. CALLENDER.

[*Aside.*] Oh, these Pharisees! They're enough to sour the milk!

ARCHDEACON.

[*To* STORM.] You're in my parish, remember. I'm responsible to my spiritual superiors.

JOHN STORM.

See for yourself, Archdeacon. Look round, examine everything.

ARCHDEACON.

Thanks! A thousand thanks! But how bright,

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how beautiful! An old music-hall, I believe. What a happy idea to make the home of virtue as tasteful and attractive as the haunts of sin!

MRS. CALLENDER.

Why not? Is the devil to have it all his own way, Archdeacon?

ARCHDEACON.

[*Laughs.*] So this is the grand result of the great scheme we discussed at your father's house, Mr. Storm!

JOHN STORM.

Only its first-fruits, Archdeacon.

ARCHDEACON.

But what a wonderful success you've had already! I hear of it everywhere. The dear ladies who used to do the park every day and play bridge every night can talk of nothing but your refuge.

MRS. CALLENDER.

[*Aside.*] Pooh!

ARCHDEACON.

You women are creatures of such narrow margins, my dear Mrs. Callender. You so narrowly escape being angels, and so narrowly—so very narrowly—escape being—being animals, you know.

MRS. CALLENDER.

That's because you men so narrowly escape being brutes, you see.

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ARCHDEACON.

[*Laughing.*] Very true! Very true! But what a shrewd thought of yours, dear Father Lamplugh, to put at the head of your enterprise a young man so well-born and so well-connected. Society is a good old hen that will take no chicks that are not of her own hatching.

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

That's why so many of her eggs are addled, Archdeacon.

ARCHDEACON.

[*Laughing.*] No doubt! No doubt! And now, dear brother Storm, what is your aim in this interesting experiment?

JOHN STORM.

Merely to apply Christianity to the practical life of our own time.

ARCHDEACON.

Beautiful! It's what I always do myself.

MRS. CALLENDER.

[*Aside.*] High words off an empty stomach!

ARCHDEACON.

I was twenty years treasurer to the society for providing bibles and blankets to the unknown and uncivilised islands of the Pacific Ocean. Workers in the same field, you see!

JOHN STORM.

Only our field is here, Archdeacon—in the unknown and uncivilised streets of London.

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ARCHDEACON.

And your work—your particular work is—what?

JOHN STORM.

To make an attack on that mighty stronghold of the devil's kingdom whereof woman is the immediate victim.

ARCHDEACON.

Beware of the thorny thicket of female morals dear friend. You may get scratched yourself, you know.

JOHN STORM.

I must take the risk, Archdeacon. [*Music within.*

ARCHDEACON.

Your doors are always open, I hear.

JOHN STORM.

Day and night, Archdeacon.

ARCHDEACON.

You take everybody who comes to them—good and bad?

JOHN STORM.

Only the bad, sir. Except as sisters and workers the good are no good to us.

ARCHDEACON.

But of course you take care that before they are free of your refuge they are people of reformed characters.

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JOHN STORM.

No, it is precisely the people whose characters are not reformed that a place like this is meant for.

ARCHDEACON.

Humph! [*Looking back.*] You give them supper I see?

JOHN STORM.

Every night, Archdeacon.

ARCHDEACON.

[*Listening to music within.*] And music and singing, it seems. In fact a sort of general music-hall entertainment?

JOHN STORM.

Anything and everything, Archdeacon, that will prevail upon our poor fallen sisters to forsake the streets for a place of safety.

ARCHDEACON.

But if people are to be bribed into being good, what is to become of our Christian principles? Don't you agree with me, Mrs. Callender? Virtue is its own reward, remember.

MRS. CALLENDER.

[*Rising.*] Mebbe it is, Archdeacon, but it doesn't seem to make much overtime.

[*Going to door right and opening it.*

ARCHDEACON.

Mr. Storm, you astonish me. I am a little tired

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of this fuss about the fallen sister. To tell you the truth, I deny the name. The painted Jezebel of the pavement is no sister of mine.

JOHN STORM.

We do not choose our relations, Archdeacon. If God's our Father, all men are our brothers and all women are our sisters, whether we like it or not.

[*Applause within.*

MRS. CALLENDER.

[*At door.*] Here's the poor bit lassie back again.

[*A bell rings above. People come out of supper-room and go upstairs. At same moment* GLORY *enters by upper door right. Unseen by those in front she goes up to the landing and then stops.* POLLY *enters by lower door right, carrying her baby closely wrapped in a shawl. In the general movement* LADY ROBERT URE *has come down and* FATHER LAMPLUGH *and the* ARCHDEACON *have dropped back.*

POLLY.

[*R.*] You'll find his feeding-bottle under his shawl, for I had a cough myself and the doctor wouldn't let me nurse him. You must cover him up —the night air is so cold for a baby.

MRS. CALLENDER.

[*Taking the child and passing it to* LADY ROBERT *on L.*] That's all right. He's a bonnie wee laddie, isn't he?

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LADY ROBERT.

[*Crossing* POLLY.] The carriage is below. He'll be as warm as toast all the way home.

POLLY.

[*Taking hold of her.*] Let me kiss him again. [*She kisses the child tenderly.*] Once more! [*She kisses the child a second time.*] Just for the last time, ma'am! [*She covers her face and becomes hysterical.*

JOHN STORM.

[*R. of* LADY ROBERT.] Get away quickly. [LADY ROBERT *crosses* STORM.] Hush, Polly! If he cries it will be all the harder. [*Trying to draw her left.*] Come, now, come!

[LADY ROBERT *goes out hurriedly, followed by* MRS. CALLENDER.

POLLY.

Oh, I can't do it—I can't do it! Give me back my child. [*Looking up.*] He's gone! He's gone!

JOHN STORM.

Be brave, Polly, brave! Aren't you the brave little woman who gave up her child for its own good though she loved it so dearly?

POLLY.

[*Drying her eyes.*] He'll be better off where he has gone to, will he not?

JOHN STORM.

Indeed he will!

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POLLY.

He'll never know what it is to want for anything, will he?

JOHN STORM.

[*Drawing her to lower door left.*] Never!

POLLY.

He'll go to school with other boys and be dressed so beautifully. [*Breaking down.*] And though his mother may never see him again ——

JOHN STORM.

Come, Polly, come!

[STORM *puts his arm about her caressingly and leads her by lower left.* GLORY *is making a movement to come down the stairs when the* ARCHDEACON *steps forward and speaks in a loud menacing voice.*

ARCHDEACON.

Father Lamplugh!

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

Well?

ARCHDEACON.

These proceedings of yours seem to me unseemly and unnecessary, and I shall be compelled to condemn them to our spiritual superiors.

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

What do you object to, Archdeacon?

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ARCHDEACON.

I object to the very purpose of this place. I object to the methods employed in this form of corybantic Christianity, this soul-snatching by midnight. To take out of the slime of the streets the hysterical degenerates who have proved themselves incapable of acting rightly, and to make a Garden of Eden for them is to foster vice in the name of philanthropy; and to step in between the moral law and its rightful penalties, as this young man is doing in so many cases——

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

For instance?

ARCHDEACON.

The case of the girl who has just left us. It is easy to see what has happened. Having brought into the world a misbegotten child she has been relieved of her burden and is now at liberty to begin on her career of infamy again. She should have been left to learn that her offspring is the red letter of her shame, that it should burn on her breast for the rest of her life, and that the woman who bears that brand has only one name among persons of good credit and good report—a hard name—a terrible name—[*dropping his voice almost to a whisper*]—the name of prostitute.

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

Archdeacon, the name you give to that erring girl is indeed a hard and terrible one. But is a woman the only person to whom it can be applied? Are there no men who might properly bear it? No members of our own profession even? No fashionable

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shepherds living in luxury among their fashionable flocks?

ARCHDEACON.

Do you know what you are saying, sir?

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

Perfectly! You called that unhappy child by a shameful name because she had wasted the good gifts which God gave her. But God gave good gifts to you also, Archdeacon—gifts of intellect and eloquence, with which you might have raised the fallen and supported the weak and comforted the broken-hearted—and what have you done with them? You have bartered them for benefices, you have peddled them for preferment, you have wasted them in the chase after wealth and rank and society and good living.

ARCHDEACON.

[*Moving towards door.*] You are mad, sir!

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

Therefore *you* are the prostitute, because you have prostituted your soul!

ARCHDEACON.

[*At door—choking.*] Father Lamplugh—I want no scene—I will go, and I—I will never darken your door again.

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

Darken is a good word for it, Archdeacon.

[ARCHDEACON *goes out.* GLORY, *who has been visibly excited, breaks into a loud peal of*

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hysterical laughter and comes down to FATHER LAMPLUGH.

GLORY.

[*Losing all self-possession.*] How splendid you were! How glorious! The hypocrite! He'll do his best to injure Mr. Storm now. He'll try to injure you, too; but I heard it all. I'll tell people you wouldn't allow him to insult a poor girl with a cruel and shameful name. And everybody will believe me, because it's true, and anything else he may say will be a lie and all the world will know it.

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

[*Startled.*] You are very good, and what you say is very right. But who are you, my dear lady?

GLORY.

[*Recovering herself, confused.*] Oh, I am—— But you don't know me, sir.

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

Have we not met before somewhere?

GLORY.

No—yes—that is to say, long ago, perhaps, and far away from here.

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

You were a friend of Mr. Storm's, I think.

GLORY.

Yes, we were friends then.

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FATHER LAMPLUGH.

And now?

GLORY.

He has gone his way—I have gone mine. We belong to different worlds altogether.

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

But of course you've met since you came to London?

GLORY.

Once—only once, and then—— [*Laughing nervously*] then we quarrelled, I may tell you.

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

Quarrelled?

GLORY.

He wished me to give up my profession and the people who had helped me to succeed in it.

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

And that was impossible?

GLORY.

Quite impossible. I don't say it is the best profession in the world, but it is the only thing I'm fit for, and if I had to part from it I should die.

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

Then why do you come here, my daughter?

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GLORY.

Because—because I can't help it. I try to, and I can't. On the way home from the theatre I stop at this door nearly every night. It is just as if another woman inside of me compelled me to come in.

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

But don't you see the danger in all that, my child?

GLORY.

The danger? To whom? To me?

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

To him.

GLORY.

I see what you mean, sir. You are one of those who think a girl cannot belong to my profession and be a good woman.

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

God forbid that I should think anything so false and cruel. But the world is uncharitable and censorious and full of calumny. Haven't you seen it for yourself, my child?

[*Pointing to door at which* ARCHDEACON *has gone out.*

GLORY.

[*With emotion.*] I understand. You think because he is what he is and I am what I am, I ought to come here no more . . . [*Drying her eyes.*] But perhaps, after all, the life I live is not the only one I am capable of. And success is not so sweet or my little

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world so full of happiness but that I feel sometimes as if I might give it all up some day . . . I felt like that the very night we quarrelled. Something happened that made everything he had said seem true. But then the person who insulted me made amends, and now everything is just as it was. All the same, it might be nice to come here sometimes. And I've not so many friends in London, I may tell you. That is to say, real friends—friends who would take a father's blow for you and want nothing in return . . . [*Drying her eyes again.*] I might even do some good, you know. There's Polly, the girl who gave away her baby. I know her, and could help her to begin again. [*Defiantly.*] Other women are working with Mr. Storm—what better are they than I am? If they can be with him, why can't I?

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

Shall I tell you why? Because you are more to him than every other woman in the world; because there is a barrier between you which you cannot pass; because his enemies are around and about him, and while you are dallying betwixt two minds they may make you—*you*—the innocent cause of his downfall and disgrace.

GLORY.

But I love him—I love him, and I cannot give him up.

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

That poor girl did as much for the child that is flesh of her flesh.

GLORY.

But if you only knew——

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FATHER LAMPLUGH.

I do know the sacrifice I ask of you. And to dig the grave of our affections, to bury them deep, to cover the earth over them and hide them and forget them—that is the greatest sacrifice of all.

GLORY.

You tell me it is for his good. Very well, I am willing. But give me time—don't drive me away from him.

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

You will go of yourself, my daughter. Will you not?

GLORY.

[*With a great effort.*] I will!

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

God bless you and strengthen you!

GLORY.

[*Breaking down and burying her head on table.*] But, oh! you leave me so hopeless.

FATHER LAMPLUGH.

Not so, my child. [*The organ within begins to play.*] In one of the orders of the Roman Church, when a novice is about to receive her vows, a figure stands on her right hand and another on her left. And the figure on her right hand, clad in white, offers her a chaplet of flowers, while the figure on her left clad in black, offers her a crown of thorns. That is the choice which has come to you to-day, my daughter.

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But the chaplet of flowers is fair and you cannot give it up. Then go away—for *his* sake go—until like Mary you have chosen the better part and coming back can say, "Give me the crown of thorns."

[*He goes up stairs and out.* GLORY *raises her face.*

GLORY.

He must never know—never suspect. What is he to think of me? A shallow, worthless creature, unworthy of the least of his thoughts. Can I do it? [*Rising.*] I can—I must.

[*She is going towards lower door right when* STORM *enters by lower door left. Organ stops.*

JOHN STORM.

Glory! Is it you? Have you been here long, Glory?

GLORY.

Oh, yes, quite a time. In fact I've——I've——

JOHN STORM.

I know. I see what's going to happen. You've grown tired of that false existence and are coming here to join me. Come, sit down.

GLORY.

No, no!

JOHN STORM.

Sit. [*She sits.*] Ah, this is the real thing, Glory. It's laying hold of life, I can tell you. Taking these poor broken things when heart and hope are dead in them, and there seems to be nothing left but to go

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over the bridge, and then kindling their very souls afresh and making them live again—oh, it's wonderful!

[GLORY *is struggling to keep up. He goes on rapturously.*]

I've had the pith of it all, too, but I'm a man and it's a woman's work, really. Dear old Auntie Callender, she's well enough in her way, and these Sisters and ladies of Society, they're loyal and devoted allies. Good women every one of them—nearly all women are good, bless them! But what we want here—what the world wants everywhere—is a *great* woman—a woman who can fight for her fellow women against sin and ignorance and even prejudices and law—— [GLORY *covers her face.*]

You'll do it, Glory! You'll do it! I've always seen you doing it. Do you know that ever since I was a little chap you've been my heroine, Glory? I was a lonely little beggar in my father's house, you remember. I never knew my mother; I never had a sister; you were both to me, and yourself as well. And as often as I thought of a girl with a brain of fire and heart of gold . . . Are you crying, Glory?

GLORY.

[*Struggling with stormy tears.*] Oh no, no!

JOHN STORM.

It's a great sacrifice, I know that, but—— You *are* crying, Glory.

GLORY.

Crying? Oh no, I'm—I'm laughing.

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JOHN STORM.

Laughing?

GLORY.

To think of Glory as a sort of Salvation lass—a kind of suffragette too! [*Laughs.*] How foolish you are, John! That's not Glory at all—that visionary woman who has been masquerading in your mind so long.

JOHN STORM.

Then you didn't come to——

GLORY.

How could you think it? I'm not tired of my old existence and I'm not trying to run away from it.

JOHN STORM.

Then why——

GLORY.

Why am I here? Well, you came to see me in my little world, so I thought I might be welcome to see you in yours. That's all, really. But to think——

[*Laughing and crying together.*

JOHN STORM.

Why are you laughing, Glory?

GLORY.

[*Acting, to degrade herself in his eyes.*] To think of the mistake you made when you were a boy—about the girl who used to be your cute little chummie! I never cared two straws about the things you always talk about—I didn't then and I don't now. To tell

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you the truth, John, I—I like life; I like to enjoy myself; I like to succeed, too, and—yes—I like to be admired and loved as well. I like pretty frocks—and jewelry—and sweet little rooms at home—and a merry spin in a motor-car to Richmond on Sunday morning with lunch at the "Star and Garter"; I like to go to the races, too—with girls who have some go in them and men who can give you a good time. And then I like to come back for supper at Romano's—and stay until the boys grow lively—and somebody gets up and proposes a toast and we drink it in a glass of phiz—and somebody else begins to sing and we join in all over the place, as if we had known each other since we were kiddies, and were one big, silly, nonsensical party.

[*She laughs hysterically, sings one bar of "Whispers of Love," then breaks off suddenly.*]

Oh, it may be all very vain and foolish and frivolous, but I love it—I love it—it's in my blood, and it's no use pretending it's not.

JOHN STORM.

[*Shuddering visibly and trying to keep his eyes away.*] Very well. As you will. I thought your better nature would conquer, but if it isn't going to do so——

GLORY.

[*Sobering suddenly.*] Well?

JOHN STORM,

If it is as you say yourself——

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GLORY.

What then?

JOHN STORM.

Then—forgive me, Glory—you must never come here again.

GLORY.

[*Gasping at the success of her own device, then recovering herself and trying to laugh.*] As you please. No doubt you are quite right, quite justified.

JOHN STORM.

It has cut me to the soul to say it, but it had to be said.

GLORY.

[*Moved.*] Then it's all over—and there's no help for it?

JOHN STORM.

There's no help for it.

GLORY.

When we meet again it may be in the streets somewhere, and then you'll be "Mr. Storm" and I'll be no longer "Glory." But perhaps it's best. *You* think it's best?

JOHN STORM.

I think it's best.

GLORY.

[*Goes to door, opens it, stops.*] But since it's all over and there's no help for it—I suppose we must shake hands and—part. [*Returning and offering her hand.*]

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Won't you shake hands with me? [*He gives no sign.*] Why won't you?

JOHN STORM.

[*Turning passionately, grasping both her hands.*] Because I love you. Haven't you known that all along? Now go. Go back to your own world, unhappy girl. You have sacrificed the best impulses of your heart to it. Leave me, let me try to forget you, and thank God the scales have fallen from my eyes at last.

[*He throws her off and turns up stage. Organ begins to play the "Old Hundredth."*

GLORY.

[*With a broken cry.*] Joh—— *Checks herself and laughs again.*] So you really thought Glory was going to be a kind of Salvation lass? Fancy! No pretty clothes, no dances, no suppers, no anything. Only a girl in a dowdy dress tramping Piccadilly at midnight with a . . . brain of fire and—a heart of gold——

[*She breaks down utterly, laughs hysterically and flies out of the place. Congregation begin to sing.*

JOHN STORM.

What have I done? She's gone! I've driven her away! Back to those men!

[POLLY *comes out lower left, fixing her cloak as if to go.*

POLLY.

I'm better now, sir. Sorry I gave so much trouble.

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JOHN STORM.

Polly, will you go on an errand for me?

POLLY.

Yes, if it's all round the world, sir.

JOHN STORM.

[*Drawing* POLLY *to door right and opening it.*] Do you see the lady going down the stairs?

POLLY.

Yes, yes!

JOHN STORM.

Do you know who she is?

POLLY.

Yes, yes, yes!

JOHN STORM.

Follow her. She lives in the Garden House, Clement's Inn. Ask her to take you as her maid. Then watch over her day and night. If she wants help let me help her. If she is in trouble, tell me instantly.

POLLY.

I will, sir.

[*She goes out.* STORM *closes door. Then goes up stage to foot of stairs.*

JOHN STORM.

The flesh warreth against the spirit, the spirit against the flesh! Keep me, hold me, my strength fails me, I am weak!

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[*The singing ends, the door right opens, and* BERTIE'S *evil face looks in.*

BERTIE.

Well, I've put 'im on to ye. 'E's comin' up now, my friend as wants a word or two with you. Shall I wait to carry ye to the awspital? Or is it the bloomin' 'ome to the scrap heap?

[*Enter hurriedly* LORD ROBERT, ROSENBERG, BUCKLEY *and* DRAKE. BERTIE *goes out.*

LORD ROBERT.

Father Storm?

JOHN STORM.

[*Dazed.*] Well, sir?

ROSENBERG.

Sorry to inform you that having had a favourable offer for this property I have decided to sell.

JOHN STORM.

[*Vacantly.*] Sell? Did you say sell? To whom? For what?

ROSENBERG.

To tell you the truth, the company holding the house opposite.

JOHN STORM.

[*Dumfounded.*] The Philharmonic?

ROSENBERG.

Sorry you take matters so seriously, but believe me I shall derive no profit from this change of interest——

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BUCKLEY.

Oh, none—none whatever!

JOHN STORM.

Profit! Interest! Do you suppose I'm thinking of that? [*He looks round at them.*] Wait! Did you gentlemen meet a lady going out into the street?

LORD ROBERT.

We did.

JOHN STORM.

Does it happen that she is the centre of this "interest"?

LORD ROBERT.

The lady is a great friend of ours, if that's what you mean. She's going to the Derby with us next week and we are to finish up the day——

DRAKE.

[*Crossing him.*] Hold your tongue, Robert. [*To* STORM, *calmly.*] What you say, sir, requires that we should be plain-spoken. The lady you speak of *is* the centre of our interest. We are buying up this property to restore it to its original uses in order to develop her opportunities as an actress and otherwise advance her career.

JOHN STORM.

Would you do the same for your own sister?

DRAKE.

How dare you mention my sister's name in this connection?

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JOHN STORM.

[*Passionately.*] And how dare you resent it?

[DRAKE *steps up to* STORM *with clenched fists.* LORD ROBERT *intervenes.*

LORD ROBERT.

Drake! The man's hipped and sore! He has lost his challenge, you remember. We must make allowances.

DRAKE.

I'm willing to make allowances, but when a man talks as if . . . what right have you to talk to me like this, sir? What have I done that is unworthy of the character of an English gentleman?

JOHN STORM.

What have you done? You've struck me in the face with a woman's hand. That's what you've done, and if it's worthy of the character of an English gentleman, then God help England.

LORD ROBERT.

Well, if you've lost your Home, your Refuge, what does it matter? You are only an outsider in the ecclesiastical stud, any way. Who wants you? Nobody wants you, if you ask me!

JOHN STORM.

I don't ask you, Lord Robert, but there *is* somebody who wants me for all that—the helpless girl who has been deceived by the selfish man and then left to fight the battle of life alone.

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LORD ROBERT.

Damme, sir, if you mean that for me, let me tell you what you are. You are a man who sends delicately nurtured ladies into holes and hovels in search of abandoned women and their misbegotten children. Why [*turning to his friends*], what do you think has happened? My wife has fallen under this gentleman's influence, and not many minutes before I left my house she brought home a child that he had given her to adopt. Think of it!—out of the slums of Soho—and God knows whose brat and——

JOHN STORM.

[*Coming down on him.*] God does know, sir, and so do I. Shall I tell you whose child that is? Shall I? [*Arrests himself, steps back, muttering, "No, no!" Then facing round on* DRAKE.] As for you, sir, do not suppose you've won your challenge yet. I have to settle with the girl still, and rather than find her where this man's victim is, I would see her dead at my feet. [*With a frenzied look.*] Ay, dead at my feet!

[*Sensation among the men. The congregation come out from hall.*]

Come here, friends, come here.

[*Men hurry down,* BLACK MEG *among them, looking fierce and terrible.* PAUL *well in front.* FATHER LAMPLUGH *on landing, girls on stairs.*]

You know me and the work I've been trying to do in this place?

[*There are murmurs of "We do," "We do, sir." "What is it?"*]

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Now, look at these gentlemen. This one—[*pointing to* LORD ROBERT]—is the owner of a noble name—a name given to his ancestors for services to their country, but he—he has made it the meanest of the mean, the lowest of the low. This—[*pointing to* ROSENBERG]—is a gambler, a worse gambler than ever lived on the prize-ring or the racecourse, a gambler in public companies and the bread of widows and orphans. This—[*pointing to* BUCKLEY]—is one of the pimps who live by pandering to the lowest passions of the people, and this—[*pointing to* DRAKE]—is an "English gentleman" whose money helps such men to carry out their plans. They've bought our house over our heads, and are turning us into the streets.

[*Movement and loud murmurs among crowd.* BLACK MEG *is signalling to the people to fall on the four men.* PAUL *is keeping her back.*]

Very well, gentlemen, this place is to be yours, and when you come into possession of it, you will do with it as you please, but while it is mine, it is mine, and it is my duty to protect my people from the contamination of degrading company. There is the door. [*Crosses rapidly and flings it open.*] Out you go! Out! Out!

[*The crowd, headed by* BLACK MEG, *come rush-down the stairs with a hoarse cry. The four men hurry out.* JOHN STORM *clashes the door after them, and then stands back to it with outstretched arms.*

[*In the Picture* STORM *should be seen in the middle of the stage, with one hand to his head, and his people about him, all talking excitedly.*

CURTAIN.

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THE FOURTH ACT

SCENE—GLORY'S *apartments in Clement's Inn. A drawing-room with alcove covered by curtains. Fireplace and door on left. Door on left of alcove. Window at back. Door at right of back. On left a niche in wall with a Madonna on bracket or pedestal. Piano underneath. Table with chairs on left. Settee in centre.*

When the curtain rises the room has no light except that of the fire, from which a warm glow is reflected on to the figure of the Madonna on opposite wall,

Enter LIZA *by door left, bringing in a lighted lamp.*

Enter at next moment POLLY LOVE *from door on right.*

POLLY.

Not back from the races yet?

LIZA.

[*Putting lamp on table and turning it up.*] Not yet. They were to go to supper somewhere, and then come home for a hand at cards. My! Mistress isn't 'arf goin' it, is she? But why not? A short life and a merry one, that's me.

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POLLY.

[*Taking off her hat.*] Do you think she *is* so very merry, Liza?

LIZA.

Well, no, p'raps not, now when I come to think of it. It's Lord Robert Ure—that's what's a-matter with Miss Gloria, seems to me.

POLLY.

Why do you think so, Liza?

LIZA.

'E's always a-moochin' arawnd askin' questions.

POLLY.

What sort of questions?

LIZA.

About Mr. Storm. "Does the Father come 'ere, Liza?" 'e says. "P'raps 'e do," I says.

POLLY.

But Mr. Storm has never been here in his life, Liza.

LIZA.

Pooh! Spoil the Egyptians, I say. 'E slips a sovring into my 'and and says 'e, "Tell me when the Father comes again and there'll be more o' the same sort where this comes from."

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POLLY.

But you must never have anything to do with Lord Robert, Liza.

LIZA.

Not me! Not much! I've got one o' my own, thank you.

POLLY.

Who is he?

LIZA.

'Is name is Albert, but I calls 'im Bertie, I may tell ye, and 'e comes 'ere *every* night after the theayter, bein' in that line 'imself, ye see.

POLLY.

How long have you known this man? Where did you meet him? Liza, are you sure he's a——

LIZA.

[*Loftily.*] There's some girls as don't know a gentleman when they sees one, and some as do and can't be took in. I'm one as do, miss, and if my Bertie isn't a real gentleman such as a laidy can trust——

[*Bell rings right.*]

'Ere they are, 'ome from the Derby.

[*Exit* LIZA *right;* POLLY *left. Enter* DRAKE, GLORY, ROSA, BELMONT *girls,* ROSENBERG, *and* BUCKLEY, *followed by* LIZA. *Ladies carrying large bunches of hawthorn and lilac; men humming "Whispers of Love." Take off cloaks, etc.* DRAKE *and* GLORY *sit on settee. Other ladies stretching themselves with sighs of weariness.* GLORY *very*

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grave, ROSENBERG *laughing at everything —an uncontrollable fit of laughter going on throughout the scene.*

DRAKE.

Home at last!

BUCKLEY.

Ripping good race, boys, but didn't suit my book exactly.

ROSENBERG.

Mine neither. Nobody's seems to me. What smiling faces the bookies will have at Tattersall's on Monday morning!

ROSA.

But I thought Gloria had been winning all day long.

ROSENBERG.

Why, so she has and I would drink her health if I had anything.

GLORY.

Champagne, Liza.

[*Wine opened and handed round by men during following scene.*

BUCKLEY.

Glorious outing though! Never saw so many people on Derby day in all my life.

ROSENBERG.

Such fun on the road too! See that fetching little beauty on the box seat, wearing a man's white hat and smoking a big cigar? [*Laugh.*]

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BETTY.

Yes, that was a bit of all right, wasn't it?

BUCKLEY.

And that brakeload of Eton boys, belting away at their horse that had fallen into the ditch without ever noticing that the poor devil was dead. [*Laugh.*]

LETTY.

And that coster with the fat woman that gave Lord Robert a bit of his own back? [*Acting.*] "Taking your bundle to London, mister?" "Yuss, home to my wife, Guv'nor, and that's more nor you dare do." [*Laugh.*]

ROSENBERG.

But the best fun would have been the cranky-headed preacher on the race-course if we could only have got up to him. Must have been Father Storm.

BETTY.

Is that the cough-drop Lord Robert has gone to inquire about?

ROSENBERG.

The same—to see if the man is really off his head, or if the news is too good to be true.

ROSA.

What has the Father done anyway that Lord Robert should hate him as somebody hates holy water? [*Exit* LIZA *right.*

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ROSENBERG.

[*Behind his hand.*] Just caused his wife to leave him if that's anything.

BETTY.

You don't say! Has Lady Robert left him then?

BUCKLEY.

Haven't you heard what happened? Lady Robert brings home a child which Father Storm has given her to adopt. Lord Robert is suspicious, and demands to know whose child it is. Lady Robert is reluctant. Lord Robert insists, and at last she tells him. Whose child is it? His own! Tableau! Exit Lady Bobbie with the child and her fortune. Lord Bobbie solus, swearing at Father Storm and vowing to bring him down or die. [*Laughs.*]

[*Enter* LORD ROBERT, *very white and grim.* LIZA *follows and goes out left.*

ROSENBERG.

Hellos? What news?

LORD ROBERT.

It's true! The man has gone crazy. Friend of mine who has been watching his movements says he has been silly since the night we paid him our surprise visit. Spends all his days alone, it seems, in his own particular cage in the Salvation Zoo, and all his nights prowling about the house where a certain friend of ours is known to live. He's a sight to see, they say. Eyes bloodshot, mouth twitching, every muscle of his face convulsed by religious frenzy.

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BETTY.

What's that? Is it contagious? [*Laugh.*]

LORD ROBERT.

Damnably contagious, if you ask me. Religious mania, my dear Betty, is that form of swollen-headed insanity in which a man comes to believe he may be judge and jury over all other people in the world—taking away their characters, their living, or even their lives, and thinking he is doing God's service.

ROSA.

Has Mr. Storm become mad, then?

LORD ROBERT.

No, only dangerous—he was mad already. Religious men are always mad.

DRAKE.

Be serious, Robert.

LORD ROBERT.

I am serious. What is the religious man? A gigantic egotist, setting up his own laws against the laws of nature; putting himself into the place of the Almighty, saying "Thou shalt not do this," and "Thou shalt not do that," and always adding a few more to the ten commandments.

ROSENBERG.

One too many for some of us already, eh, Lord Robert? [*Laugh.*]

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LORD ROBERT.

Contagious? It's epidemic nowadays, in Parliament as well as the pulpit, and if these religious and socialistic fanatics are permitted to go much further a man will not be allowed to live the life of a gentleman if he wants to.

DRAKE.

Never mind, Robert! That won't make much difference to you, you know. [*Laugh.*]

ROSA.

But surely the religious churches——

LORD ROBERT.

My dear Rosie, there are no such things as religious churches. It's impossible! A contradiction in terms.

DRAKE.

Be serious, I say.

LORD ROBERT.

Serious? My dear Drake, I'm lugubrious. What is religion anyway? Rebellion against the existing order. But churches can only live by obeying the laws of life. They all do it too. They may preach peace and purity, and equality and brotherhood, but do they practise it? Not a bit of it! They couldn't live five minutes in the world if they did.

ROSA.

Do you mean that religious men are all hypocrites?

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LORD ROBERT.

Every mother's son of them! They can't help themselves. And all their preaching is so much Satan reproving sin. Show me a man who is for ever denouncing drink and I'll show you a potential drunkard; show me a man who is always suspecting commercial honesty and I'll show you a potential thief; and show me the man who is always prating about purity and I'll show you a man I wouldn't——

ROSENBERG.

You wouldn't leave alone with your best girl, eh? [*Laugh.*

LORD ROBERT.

[*With intense bitterness.*] The man who is always trying to make a transfigured world and to found moral institutions on a basis of rebellion against the laws of nature—I don't care who it may be, Tolstoy, General Booth, or this man Storm—is an egotist and an ass.

DRAKE.

[*Rising and sitting table.*] No, I tell you no, no, no! These are the men with the breath of God in them, and you cannot judge them by the ordinary standards.

LORD ROBERT.

Should think not, old chap. Common sense laughs at the creatures.

DRAKE.

So much the worse for common sense. When it judges of these isolated beings by the standards of

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the common herd, then common sense is the greatest nonsense. These sombre giants are the men who keep the soul of the world alive, and instead of spitting on them and crucifying them we ought to go down on our knees to them—pigs and pigmies as we are—with our faces buried in the dirt.

LORD ROBERT.

[*Laughing bitterly.*] Go on, old fellow, go on!

GLORY.

[*Rising.*] But didn't you come for a game of cards?

VOICES.

Why, so we did! [*Movement of company.*

DRAKE.

You'll play, Glory?

GLORY.

Not to-night, thank you.

DRAKE.

You, Rosa?

ROSA.

I'll play the piano instead, I think. [*Goes to it.*

ROSENBERG.

And I'll turn the leaves for you.

BUCKLEY.

[*Picking up hassock.*] So it's you and Lord Robert and the beauteous Belmonts for the game of bridge

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while I bring up this footstool and sit at the feet of Gloria. [*Sits.*

[*Game begins at table.* ROSA *plays softly. Usual cries among players.*

BETTY.

'Pon my word, though, that Father Storm must be off his dot, and I hope I won't ever meet him on my way home at two in the morning.

DRAKE.

The game! The game!

LORD ROBERT.

It's all the result of being turned out of his Refuge, but if he had been half a man he would have got over that paltry incident and——

GLORY.

Yes, we can all get over another person's disappointments, can't we?

LORD ROBERT.

Possibly! But the man has been an actor and a poseur from the first and now he's a dangerous lunatic and ought to be put under arrest.

GLORY.

[*Rising.*] Oh, I'm weary of this tyranny of malice and revenge.

LORD ROBERT.

Really? How interesting! But the world is just as weary of madmen and fools.

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DRAKE.

Well, I agree with Glory, and I'm about sick of this anti-Storm uproar any way. I've had my own differences with the man, and he was right and I was wrong and I'm not ashamed to own it. Whatever else he is, he is a gentleman and I'm ashamed I took advantage of him. At all events he has fallen and I'm not going to walk on a man when he's down. [*Rising.*] Boys, I'm going to say something.

BUCKLEY.

What is it?

DRAKE.

That old Corinthian Music Hall which we took from Storm has been bought by me, hasn't it?

BUCKLEY.

It has—to lease it to the syndicate and run it in the interests of Gloria.

DRAKE.

But it's my property now and I'm at liberty to do what I please with it?

ROSENBERG.

What you please, and Gloria permits, you know.

DRAKE.

Then I intend to give it back to its former owner first thing to-morrow morning.

LORD ROBERT.

What? You can't mean it.

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DRAKE.

I do mean it—as my apology for a dirty trick and the best proof I can give that I wash my hands of it.

GLORY.

[*Throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him.*] Bravo!

[*She sinks back into her seat ashamed.*

LORD ROBERT.

How nice! When rivals in love are such faithful friends, you know.

DRAKE.

What do you mean?

LORD ROBERT.

Mean? That it only requires a little more of such devoted loyalty to enable the lady to receive the visits of *both* her lovers at the same time.

DRAKE.

[*Flinging his cards in* LORD ROBERT'S *face.*] That's a damned lie, and you know it!

BUCKLEY.

[*Getting between.*] Gentlemen! Gentlemen!

GLORY.

[*Rising.*] Lord Robert Ure, I will ask you not to come to this house again. [*Sits.*

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LORD ROBERT.

Good! Coming, Betty?

[*Movement. Party breaking up.*

BETTY.

[*To* GLORY, *going.*] A little off-colour to-night, eh, dear?

ROSA.

Good night, Glory!

[*Exit the* BELMONT *girls*, ROSA, ROSENBERG, *and* BUCKLEY.

LORD ROBERT.

[*To* DRAKE, *back of* GLORY.] If I can prove what I say that the man comes here—if you can find them together—alone—at night—in each other's arms perhaps—what then?

DRAKE.

Then—I'll ask your pardon.

LORD ROBERT.

And let the syndicate go on as we intended?

DRAKE.

Yes.

[LORD ROBERT *goes out.* DRAKE *comes down to* GLORY.]

There's no truth in what that man said?

GLORY.

Have you any right to ask me that?

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DRAKE.

No, I have no right. There's nothing between us, more's the pity. But this quarrel will go far. If I have to see it through you must stand by me, you know. After what has been said to-night a man can't afford to be laughed at by other fellows.

LORD ROBERT.

[*Outside.*] Coming, dear boy?

GLORY.

Your friends are waiting for you, Mr. Drake.

DRAKE.

Mr. Drake! Aren't we in the same boat at last, little woman?

GLORY.

Good-night!

DRAKE.

[*Leaning over her.*] How lovely you look to-night, Glory! Give me another kiss before I go.

GLORY.

[*More emphatically.*] Good-night!

DRAKE.

[*Closer.*] I'll come back by-and-by.

GLORY.

[*Still more emphatically.*] Good-night!

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DRAKE.

[*Softly.*] Au revoir!

[*Exit* DRAKE. GLORY *rises.*

GLORY.

Oh, Glory, Glory, what are you coming to!

[*Enter* POLLY *by door left.*

Ah, Polly, I thought you would be in bed and asleep, child.

POLLY.

I couldn't go to bed without seeing you. I have something to say.

GLORY.

What about?

POLLY.

Lord Robert. Liza told me. He comes here asking questions.

GLORY.

What questions?

POLLY.

About Mr. Storm. He thinks the Father visits you. Worse than that, a friend of Lord Robert has made acquaintance with Liza, and is here every night.

GLORY.

Who is he?

POLLY.

A low creature who used to lived on a girl called Black Meg. When Meg joined the Refuge Mr. Storm flung the man out of the house. Lord Robert knows him and uses him. I'm sure they mean mischief.

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GLORY.

They can do no harm to us, Polly. Let us go to bed.

POLLY.

[*Hesitating.*] But there is . . . there is something else I wish to tell you. It is about Mr. Storm himself. I saw him again to-day.

GLORY.

You didn't tell him where I had gone to?

POLLY.

He asked me—I couldn't help but answer him.

GLORY.

What did he say?

POLLY.

He told me to give him my key.

GLORY.

Your key?

POLLY.

My key to the outer door.

GLORY.

And you did?

POLLY.

I had to—I was afraid of him—I had never seen anybody look so terrible.

GLORY.

Well?

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POLLY.

"We must save her at all costs," he said. His eyes flashed as if he were in a fever. He was like a man distracted.

GLORY.

Strange! When was this?

POLLY.

About two hours ago.

GLORY.

Where? [POLLY *does not answer.*] Where?

POLLY.

In his room at the Refuge.

GLORY.

Then you had gone to him on purpose? [POLLY *drops her head.*] Polly, what does this mean? Have you been carrying tales about me? Was this why you asked me to take you in—that you might tell Mr. Storm all I said and did, and everything that happened here?

POLLY.

[*Crying.*] He told me to watch over you night and day and if you were in any danger——

GLORY.

What danger could I be in?

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POLLY.

[*Sinking to her knees.*] Oh, Glory, do you ask me that?

GLORY.

[*After a pause, kissing* POLLY'S *forehead.*] My poor Polly!

POLLY.

[*Sobbing.*] If I have done wrong, send me away from you.

GLORY.

No, no; but never mind Lord Robert. Take the lamp into my room—I'll follow you presently.

[POLLY, *still sobbing, takes lamp and goes out by alcove, opening curtains and disclosing bedroom within.* GLORY *touches a bell on the wall.* LIZA *enters by door left.*

GLORY.

Who is in the kitchen with you, Liza?

LIZA.

[*Surprised, pretending to be hurt.*] With me? In the kitchen? Why, nobody at all. Eleven o'clock too! 'Ope you don't think I'm a girl o' that sort, ma'am.

GLORY.

Then go to bed immediately and put out the lights.

LIZA.

[*Pretending to yawn.*] Well, I've been on the gow since six A.M., so I don't mind if I do.

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[*Exit* LIZA. GLORY *goes into the inner room and closes curtains. No light on stage except the glow from the fire, which falls on the figure of the Madonna on opposite wall. Clock outside strikes eleven.* NIGHT WATCHMAN *goes under window crying the hour.*

WATCHMAN.

[*Outside.*] Eleven o'clock. Fine night!

[POLLY *comes through curtains, still catching her breath with suppressed sobs, and passes out by door left. A moment later* GLORY *parts curtains and comes back in a white dressing-gown.*

GLORY.

[*Standing before fire.*] "His eyes flashed as if he were in a fever. He was like a man distracted."

[*She moves about the room setting right the disordered furniture, and humming to herself the prayer from* "Faust." *When she comes face to face with the Madonna, shining brightly on the wall, she stops, crosses her arms across her breast, and says in a low voice:*]

O Mother, most pure, most chaste! I wish to be pure and chaste too! Help me—help a motherless girl who is trying to be good and is now quite alone. Let me be a white flower at your feet, a little child once more——

[*Her voice sinks to a whisper, then rises again.*]

O Mother, most gracious, help *him* too. He is sick and in trouble, and the cruel world is trampling on him. Save him—comfort him—love him.

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[*Her voice dies away again, until only her lips are seen to move. Then in the doorway at the back the figure of a man appears. It is* STORM. *His eyes glisten with the light of madness. He is deathly pale.*

JOHN STORM.

Glory!

[*She turns and sees him, passes her hand across her eyes as if to wipe out a vision, then clutches at a chair and makes a faint cry.*

GLORY.

Is it really you? How you frightened me! Who would have expected to see you here to-night? How did you get into the house? Did you—but now I remember what Polly told me about the key. I'm glad to see you. So late, though, and both the girls gone to bed. Let me fetch the lamp.

[*Trying to get away.*

JOHN STORM.

Come back.

GLORY.

[*Returning, frightened.*] Well, won't you sit down?

JOHN STORM.

No.

GLORY

[*Trying to hide her fear.*] I must, at all events. [*Panting.*] How tired I am! I've had such a day! Where do you think I've been to?

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JOHN STORM.

I know where you've been to, Glory. I saw you there.

GLORY.

Really? Then it was you who—was it you on the race-course this afternoon?

JOHN STORM.

Yes.

GLORY.

Ah!

JOHN STORM.

[*Pointing to Madonna.*] Will you say your prayers to-night, Glory?

GLORY.

Why not?

JOHN STORM.

Then say them now.

GLORY

What is the matter? Why are you so pale? You are not well. John, John, what does it all mean? What are you thinking of? Why have you come here in this way—at this hour of night?

JOHN STORM.

To save your soul, my child. It is in great peril.

GLORY.

[*Rising.*] Oh!

JOHN STORM.

Sit down.

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GLORY.

[*Sitting, trying to calm him.*] John, my dear John, if you see me in certain places, and with certain people, you must not think from that——

JOHN STORM.

I cannot think of it at all. When I look ahead I see nothing but shame and disgrace for you, Glory. That man is tempting and degrading you.

GLORY.

Believe me, John, you are mistaken—quite mistaken.

JOHN STORM.

Tempting and degrading you by your love of dress, of luxury, of the world's vanities and follies of every sort. Can you deny it?

GLORY.

I can take care of myself, John.

JOHN STORM.

In this room, with his voice ringing in your ears still, can you deny it? . . . You can't. It is the truth.

GLORY.

But, John, my dear John——

JOHN STORM.

Have you forgotten what you told me about yourself when I saw you last? That man is following you to ruin you.

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GLORY.

[*Indignantly.*] John Storm!

JOHN STORM.

[*Bearing her down in a torrent of reproach.*] You know it. You are not deceived . . . Do you know what you are guilty of, Glory? You are guilty of the suicide of your soul. What is the crime of the poor harried creature of the streets who prefers death to starvation compared to that of the worldly woman who murders her soul for the sake of the lusts and vanities of the flesh? [*With a look of mad exaltation.*] The law of man may punish the one, but the vengeance of God is waiting for the other.

[GLORY *covers her face and sobs.*]

Oh, Glory, Glory, can you not understand what it means to me to be the messenger of God's awful judgment?

GLORY.

[*Uncovering her face and catching her breath.*] Judgment!

JOHN STORM.

I tried to save you in other ways and you would not let me. How I prayed and prayed, and thought it would come to pass at last! When it was no use struggling any longer I left you to yourself. I knew it wouldn't be easy, and it hasn't been easy. I knew I should suffer, and I have suffered.

GLORY.

[*Sobbing.*] Oh! Oh!

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JOHN STORM.

[*In a low, mad whisper.*] The devil tempted me with remorse. I had driven you away from me without one tender word. I had cast you back on the mercy of evil men. They would destroy you, body and soul. [*Breaking down.*] Glory, my Glory!

GLORY.

Oh! Oh!

JOHN STORM.

[*With the look and voice of frenzy.*] Then the devil tempted me with fear. Some day I should find you where I was finding others—down in the miry troughs of life—abandoned, forgotten, lost. [*With exaltation.*] Then—then a voice came to me from heaven: "Save her at all costs. She is tottering on the brink of hell. [*Loudly.*] Better a life ended than a life degraded and a soul destroyed." That voice comes to me again to-night—[*in a whisper*]—now!

GLORY.

[*Rising and trying to get away.*] Oh!

JOHN STORM.

[*Sternly.*] Come back!

[GLORY *pauses, thinks, then an inspiration comes over her. She smiles, returns and puts her hand on* STORM'S *arm with a caressing gesture. He shudders under her touch.*

GLORY.

I do not deny that you have a right to be angry

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with me, John, but you are wrong if you think I love the man you speak about. He has been a good friend to me, and we have had many happy hours together, but that's all, really.

JOHN STORM.

[*Not listening.*] "Deliver her up for the destruction of the flesh that her soul may be saved in the day of the Lord."

GLORY.

You are wrong, too, if you think I am the woman I described myself to be. I said all that for your sake, John. [*With emotion.*] They told me I was a danger to you, dear, and things being as they were I ought to put myself back, thinking of you alone. That's what I was trying to do, John. But do you think it didn't cost me something to degrade myself in your eyes—to make you think me a worldly creature unworthy of the least of your thoughts—to make you wipe me out of your mind and forget me, while all the time my heart was aching to stay there by your side?

JOHN STORM.

[*In visible torture.*] I would rather die a thousand deaths than touch a hair of your head, Glory, but God's will is His will!

GLORY.

We were of different natures, dear. We couldn't live together and we couldn't live apart. God makes men and women like that sometimes, John.

JOHN STORM.

I shall never know another happy hour as long as I live, Glory.

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GLORY.

Yet the world didn't always put itself between us, John. We were good friends once, you know. Sometimes I dream of those dear old days in the little island. Don't you remember them?

JOHN STORM.

[*Fighting hard with himself.*] Give me strength, O Lord!

GLORY.

[*Eagerly.*] Don't you remember the boat—my boat, your boat, our boat! What times they were! Coming round the Castle rocks on a summer day, with the sea and the sky like two sheets of glass looking into each other's faces, and you and I singing to the dipping of the oars! Our voices went well together then, didn't they?

JOHN STORM.

[*His brain reeling*] For *her* sake strengthen me, O Lord!

GLORY.

And then the glen, do you remember that? Coming home on the last load of hay, three decks up over the old mare's back, and the birds rioting overhead in the clear air of the morning! Don't you remember?

JOHN STORM

Save her from everlasting damnation, O God!

GLORY.

[*More eagerly.*] One evening in the orchard, when

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we were quite young, you climbed a high tree to get me a rosy apple and fell and hurt yourself and were unconscious, and I kissed you and kissed you until you opened your eyes again. You never knew that, did you? God loved us a little then, I think.

JOHN STORM.

Save me, too. Save me against the temptations of my sinful flesh.

GLORY.

[*Fighting for her life.*] You wore flannels in those days and I was in a white jersey. [*Taking up a photograph.*] Like this—see! I get up on the stage in imitation of it, and sometimes in the middle of a scene my mind goes back to that sweet old time and I burst out crying.

JOHN STORM.

[*Snatching at photograph, flinging it on floor and trampling on it.*] Why do you remind me of those days? Is it only to make me realise the change in you?

GLORY.

Am I so changed? Oh, no; it is only my hair done differently. See, see!

[*She tears down her hair, until it falls about her face. He tries not to look.*

JOHN STORM.

It is the devil tempting me.

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GLORY.

Or is it this old rag of lace that is so unlike my jersey. There—there!

[*Tearing away the lace from her neck.*

JOHN STORM.

[*Fervently, as if praying.*] Oh, make her ready! Show her that I am only slaying her body that I may save her soul.

GLORY.

Look at me now, John. Look at me! Am I not the same as ever?

JOHN STORM.

[*Panting like a hunted animal.*] Thy will be done, O God!

GLORY.

Smile, John; don't you see me smiling? If you loved me as I love you, you would take me in your arms and crush me to your heart.

JOHN STORM.

[*With a wild shout.*] God sent me to kill you, Glory.

[*He swings round, takes her by the throat and forces her to her knees. But the moment he comes face to face with her, his hold relaxes, he makes a despairing groan and falls back, whereupon she rises to her feet with a look of triumphant love.*

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GLORY.

[*With a cry of conquest*]. No, but to love me . . . kiss me, John!

[*She holds out her arms to him, and with a loud cry he clasps her to his breast and presses his lips to her lips.*

[*The clock of the church outside begins to strike twelve. He raises his head and listens. She kisses his hands and caresses him.*

GLORY.

Oh, what happy days are in store for us. We will live all the past over again, John. You will always, always love me and I——

[*The striking ends and chimes begin to beat out "Days and moments quickly flying."*

JOHN STORM.

[*Like a man awakening from a trance.*] What is that?

GLORY.

Only the chimes of St. Clement Dane's. You are trembling. What is amiss?

JOHN STORM.

[*With the eyes of sanity.*] Where am I?

GLORY.

In Glory's room, John, and this is Glory herself who is standing by your side.

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JOHN STORM.

What did I come for?

GLORY.

For me, dear, and you have found me at last and we shall never be parted again.

JOHN STORM.

But what did I come to do?

GLORY.

Don't think of that. It is all over.

JOHN STORM.

[*A sane man once more.*] Have I been mad?

GLORY.

You are better now, John.

JOHN STORM.

[*With emotion.*]. I thought it was God's hand leading me.

GLORY.

And so it was, dear—leading you and me together.

JOHN STORM.

[*With deep emotion.*] You were all my joy, Glory, my vision by day, my dream by night. I would have given the last drop of my blood to spare you a moment's pain. Let me go away. Let me hide myself.

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GLORY.

Yes, in my arms, John, and I in yours as long as our lives shall last. I am going to give up everything to follow you. You asked me yourself, you know, so you will never be afraid. I shall be very good, dear. You will say, "How good she is, my Glory, my wife!"

JOHN STORM

[*Dropping to his knees before her.*] Forgive me, Glory.

GLORY.

[*Raising him.*] No, not to me. [*Pointing to the Madonna still shining on the wall.* Look!

[*They go hand in hand like little children and kneel side by side before the Madonna, his head sunk on his breast, her hands clasped, her eyes raised, and her face smiling.*

GLORY.

[*Very softly.*] Mother, look down on your children who love each other and have come together in the end. Hide them in the shadow of your innocence; let all their thoughts be white and good; and when the clouds of their lives are over, and their sky is blue and their sun is shining——

[*Her voice dies away to a whisper, but her face still smiles and her lips move.*

[*The chimes continue.*

[*The doors at back are noiselessly opened and* DRAKE *and* LORD ROBERT *appear for a moment on the threshold. They see the*

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figures on their knees, uncover their heads and step back without a sound.

[*The chimes cease, and the* NIGHT WATCHMAN *is heard passing through the Inn.*

WATCHMAN

Twelve o clock! Fine night! All's well!

[*Then farther off and more faintly the* WATCHMAN'S *call is repeated.*

WATCHMAN.

Twelve o'clock. Fine night! All's well!

CURTAIN *very slowly.*

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